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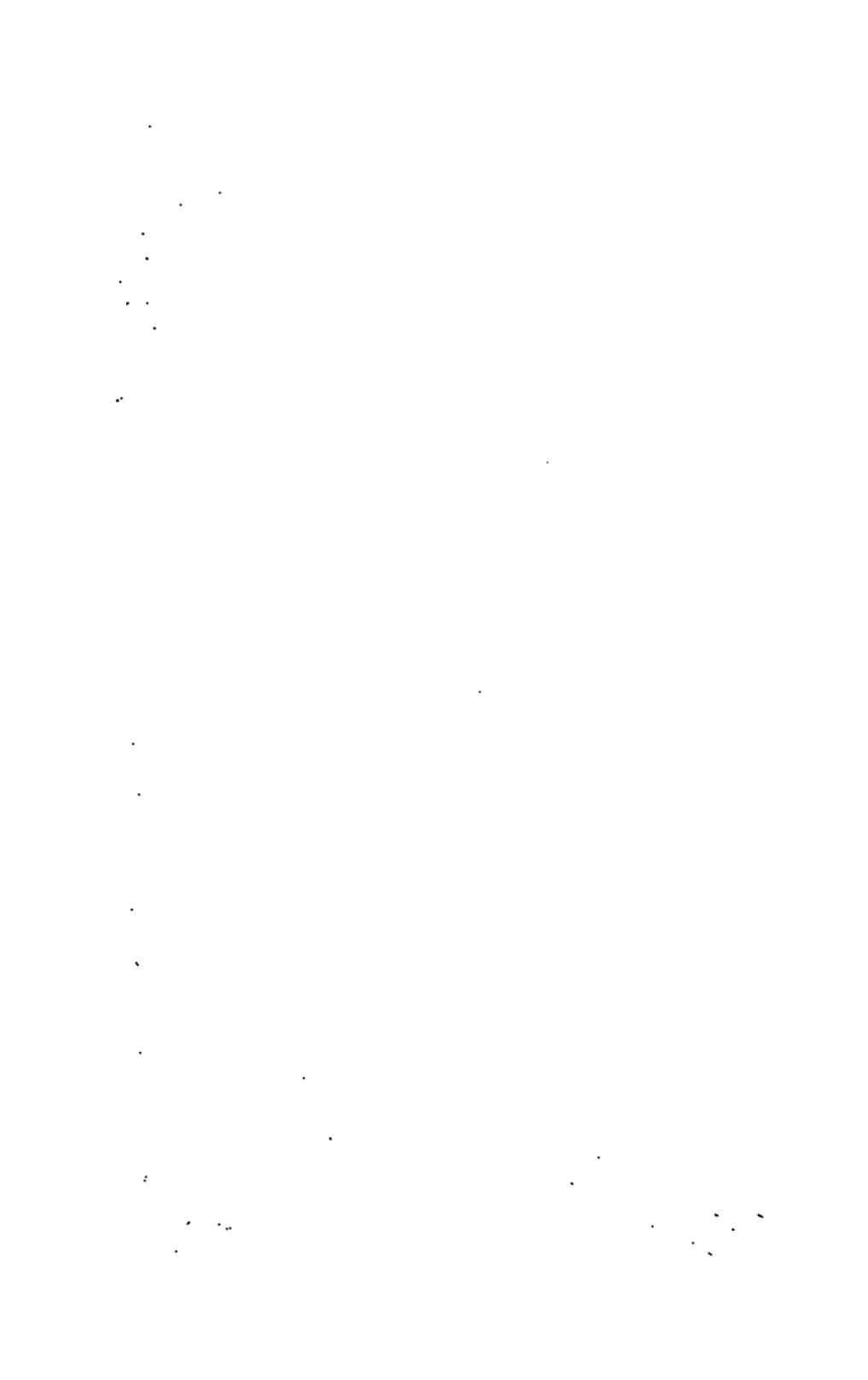
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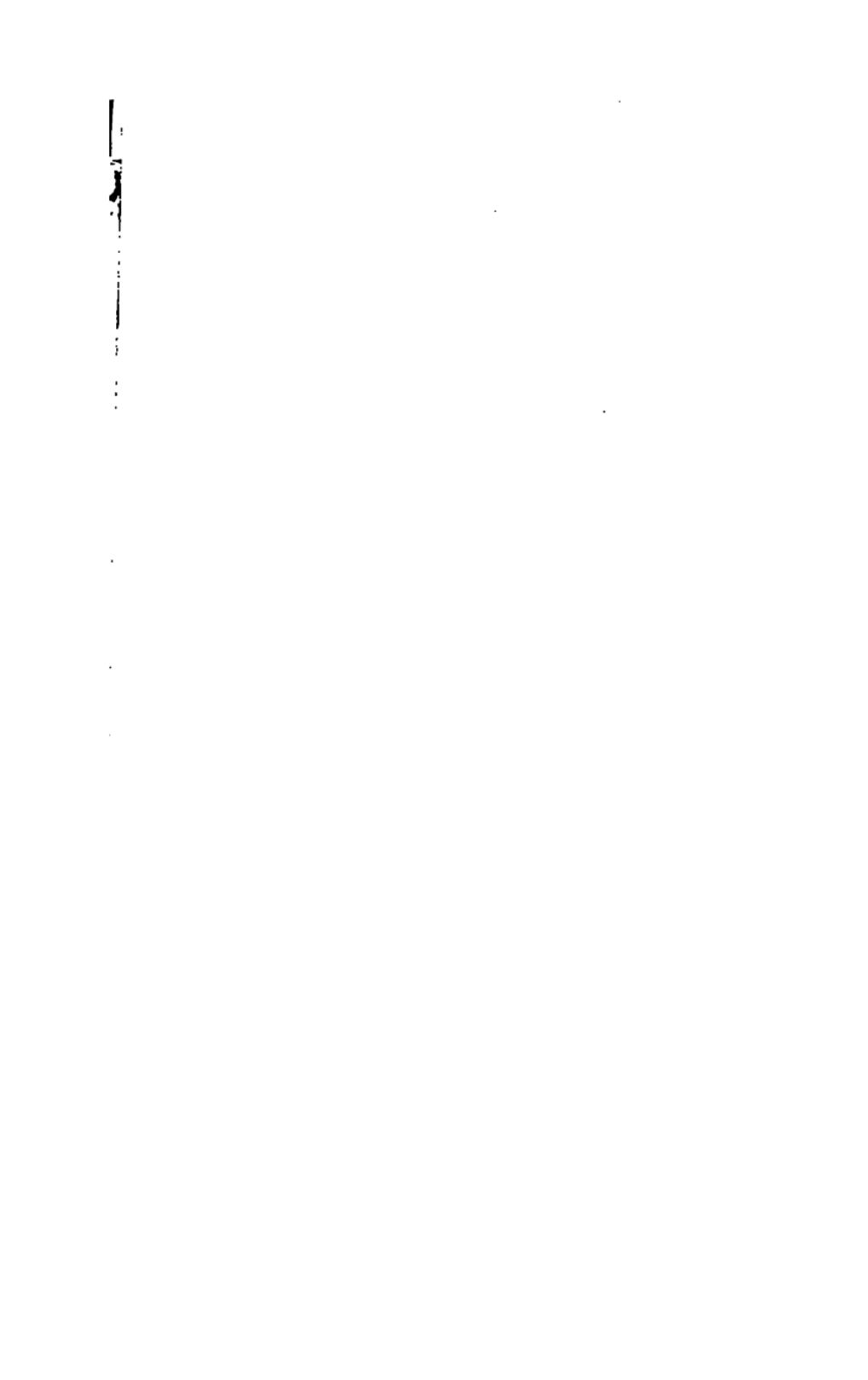
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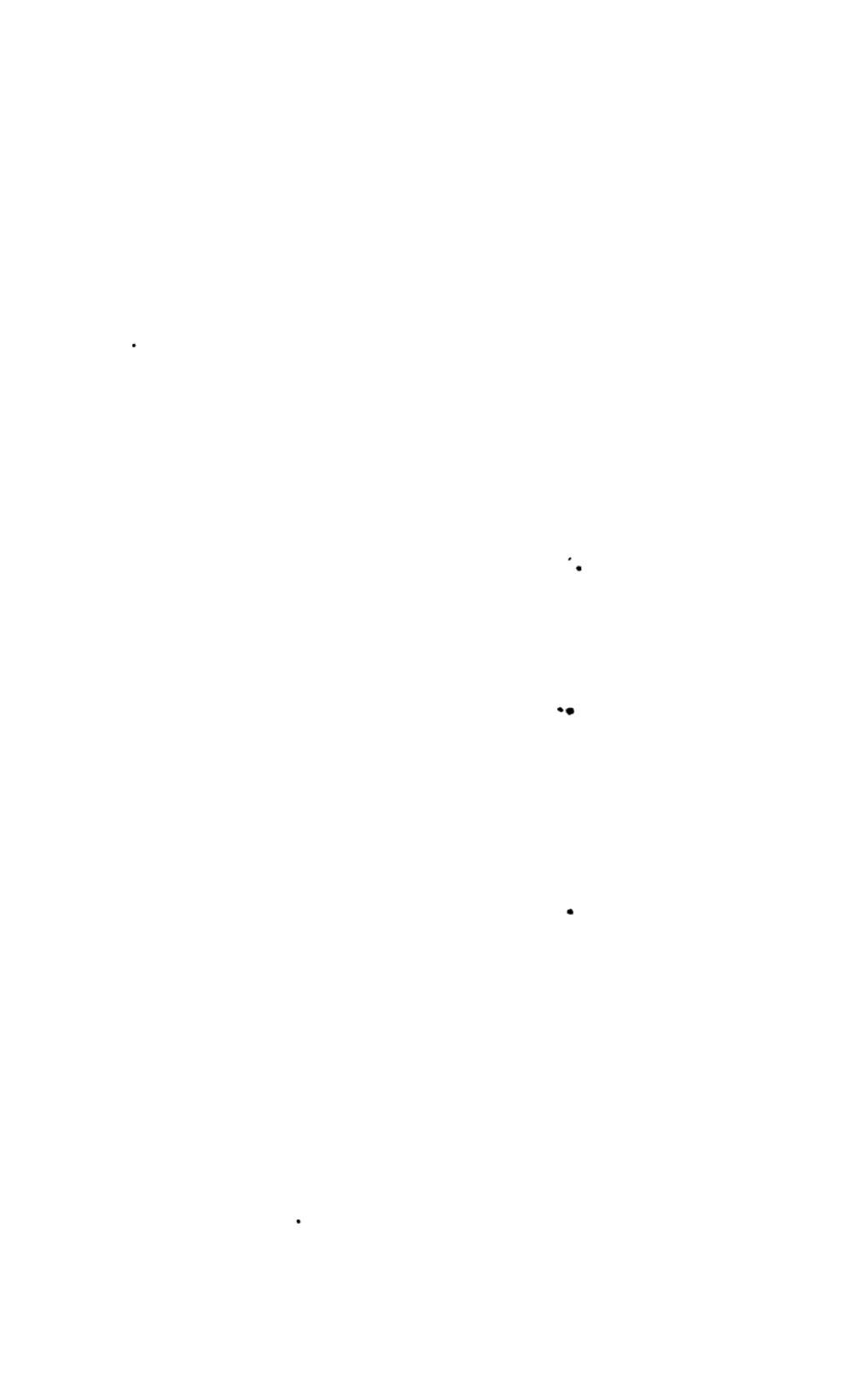


1





H O M E B A L L A D S.



HOME BALLADS:

▲

BOOK FOR NEW ENGLANDERS.

IN THREE PARTS.

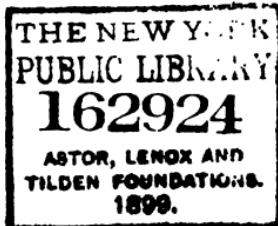
BY ABBY ALLIN. *See. Mrs.
MUNROE*
BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE
LIBRARY

Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove;
Our head shall go bare till merit crown it.

SHAKSPEARE.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

MDCCCL.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850,
By ABBY ALLIN,
In the Clerk's-Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

George C. Rand & Co., Printers,
No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

ERRATA.

Page 36, third line from top, for vigor read rigor.

Page 45, third line from bottom, for staggers-read stagger's.

WICHY WICH
ZLIGU
VIA RICCI

DEDICATION.

TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother, when a tiny child,
I sought thy fond embrace,
And gazed with upturned eyes in thine,
To read thy speaking face ;
A thousand fond affections woke,
And thrilled to earnest life ;
A thousand aspirations stirred,
With mystic utterance rife.

Thy loving arms enclasped me round,
Thy loving lips enwreathed
Soft, plaintive notes — half song, half prayer,
That o'er my spirit breathed ;

And thrilled my dreams with visions bright,
By love and hope enwoven ;
And bathed my sleep in sunset hues —
A child's first dream of Heaven !

My Mother, since those early days,
The touch of age and care,
Hath stamped its lines upon thy cheek,
Its frost upon thy hair ;
Yet still thy love remains the same,
Unharmed amid decay ;
Unchanged, though all things else have changed,
A bright and living ray !

Thine eye retains its loving glance,
Thy kindness girts me round ;
And all my path, though dark or bright,
Thy anxious care surrounds.
Thy hand is ready at my need,
Defence amid earth's strife ;
Though all else change, I still can claim
One friend, while thou hast life !

Then, Mother, take the gift I bring,

For wheresoe'er I roam,

My heart, obedient to thine own,

Still turns to thee and home.

Then take these simple songs of mine,

The heart's outgushing lays ;

And though the world may scorn, Mother,

Yet crown me with thy praise !

DECEMBER 3d, 1850.

MEMORIES

1. When we come with visions bright.

2. When we come to mourn.

3. When we come to trust —

4. When we come to Heaven.

5. When we come to part.

6. When we come to die.

7. When we come to weep.

8. When we come to sing.

9. When we come to smile.

10. When we come to pray.

11. When we come to say all things else have changed,

except and bring say :

These eyes remain the looking glasses.

[Redacted]

Then, Mother, take the gift I bring,

For wheresoe'er I roam,

My heart, obedient to thine own,

Still turns to thee and home.

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DECEMBER 3d, 1850.





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P A R T F I R S T.

БАССЕЙН
СИДИЧЕВ
УДАРЫ

DEDICATION.

TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother, when a tiny child,
I sought thy fond embrace,
And gazed with upturned eyes in thine,
To read thy speaking face ;
A thousand fond affections woke,
And thrilled to earnest life ;
A thousand aspirations stirred,
With mystic utterance rife.

Thy loving arms enclasped me round,
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DECEMBER 3d, 1850.



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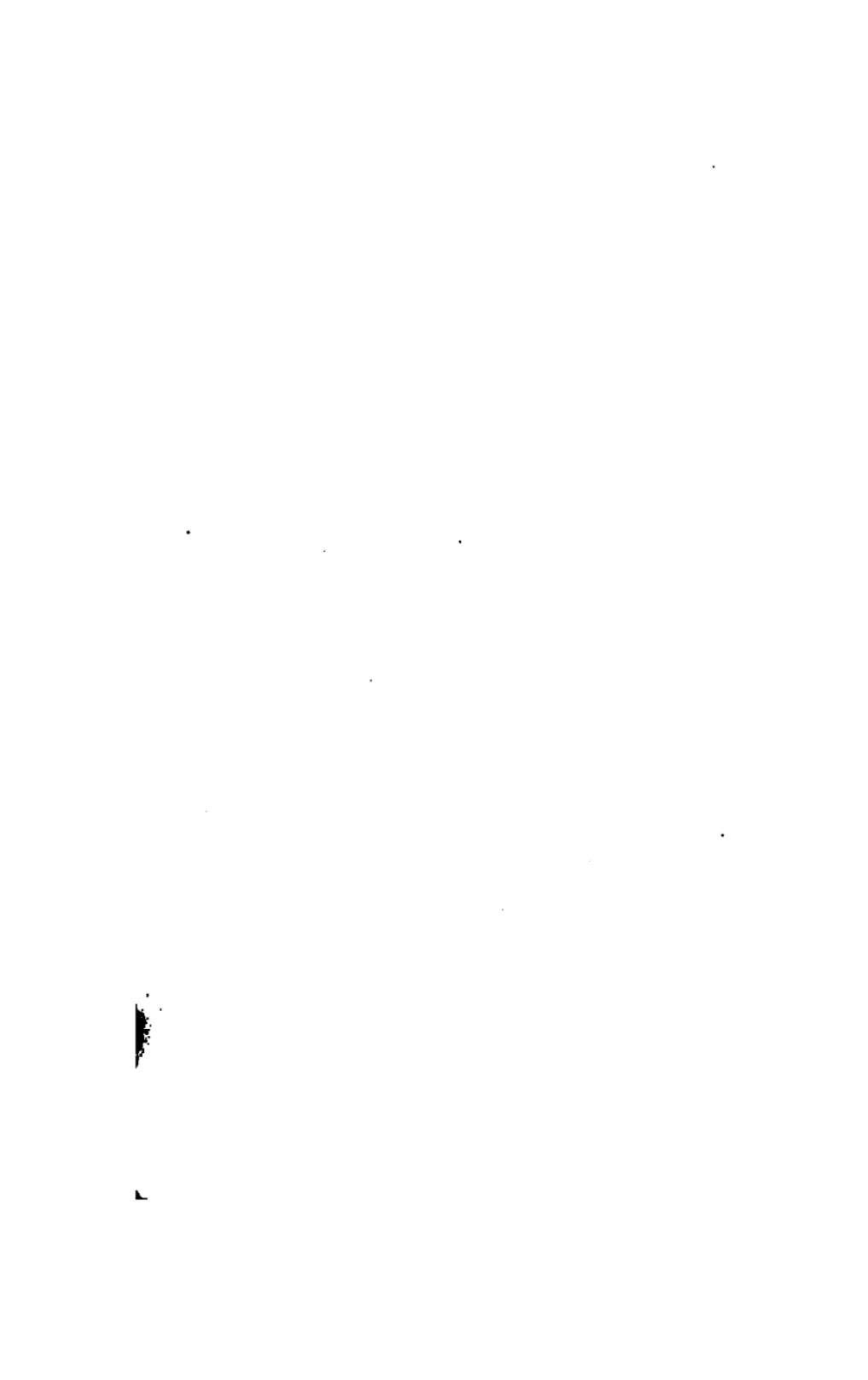
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P A R T F I R S T.



HOME BALLADS.

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLANDERS.

A YANKEE BALLAD.

ADDRESSED TO A NEW YORKER WHO SCOFFED AT YANKEES

Yes, Sir, I am a Yankee girl,
I glory in the name !
You spake it in contemptuous scorn,
To me it breathes of fame ;
I'm proud of my nativity —
New England good and great,
Is head and shoulders taller, sir,
Than your boasted Empire State !

Let prejudice be set aside —
Give sneering to the wind ;
Sit down and look at actual facts,
And see what you will find ?
Our mountains overtop your own ;
Our lakes you need not spurn ;
Although not quite so large as yours,
We find they serve our turn !

Our Fisheries o'er the world are famed,
The mackerel, shad, and cod !
And "Taunton turkeys" are so thick,
We sell them by the rod !
We turn our very stones to gold —
The marble, granite, slate !
And as for Manufactories,
Where is our rival State ?

Our cities dot the broad expanse,
Teeming with busy life ;
And every village, farm and stream,
With Yankee wealth is rife.
Our churches stand like sentinels,
On valley, hill, and plain ;
And city spires, like forest trees,
Point upward, many a vane !

Nature hath favored your New York,
It could not well be less ;
Boston hath grown by human might —
This truth all must confess !
Think of her thrift for ten years past,
Then please to calculate,
What she will be some ten years hence,
Progressing at this rate ?

And beauty mingles with our thrift,
As Boston Common shows ;
And Auburn's mount, where living love
Its kindest care bestows.

Old Newport, billow-cradled, see,
On Rhody's verdant shore ;
'Tis there old Ocean shakes his mane,
Resounding evermore !

New Haven, with its shady elms,
And Hartford, with its charter —
Connecticut, my native State !
Say, can you find a smarter ?
The " Empire State " is your New York,
I grant it, hard to mate her ;
Yet still give me the " Nutmeg State —
Where shall we find a *grater* ? "

We have both railroads and canals,
But here my courage pitches ;
I own you'll beat me on this heat —
New York has bigger ditches !
Our Commerce swims a deeper sea,
It stems the swelling wave,
And sends its white-winged messengers
In every sea to lave !

Look at our Literati, sir,
We've cradled genius, sure !
Come, count your great ones by our side,
And see who hath the fewer ?
Sherman, Parsons, Adams, Ames,
Are synonyms of glory ;
And Massachusetts boasts, beside,
A Hancock and a Story !

HOME BALLADS,

There's Silliman, Webster, (Noah, I mean)
And Quincy, Dana, Ware ;
With Webster, Adams, Davis, sir,
What noble men they are !
Macdonough, Perry, Morris, Hull,
Green, Putnam, Stark, and Allen ;
With Freedom's martyr, Nathan Hale,
And valiant General Warren !

Divinity can bring some names,
For goodness famed, and learning ;
A Payson, Brainard, Griswold, Ware,
A Pierpont and a Channing.
Go search o'er Asia's burning sand —
The Mission ground, who fills ?
A Newell, Judson, Gordon Hall,
A Winslow, and a Mills !

And count our Poets, side by side ;
Sprague, Willis, Hillhouse, Lowell ;
Pike, Halleck, Brainerd, Sigourney,
Hill, Pierpont, Gould, and Rockwell,
Holmes, Bryant, Mellen, Percival,
Longfellow, Dawes, and Bright ;
With Prentice, Dana, Whittier ;
All these are ours of right !

Benjamin Franklin ! tell me, sir,
You that can boast " Big Thunder,"
Say, will he play with lightning, sir,
And never dodge from under ?

And then those sons of Type, we boast,
A Greely, Prentice, Burritt !
Burritt's a second Babel, sir,
And Prentice, who'll outwit ?

Another yet, I'm proud to name —
Jonathan Slick — Jack Downing !
I guess he is New England's child —
He's worthy Yankee crowning !
There's Emerson, "the Mystic," sir,
Joe Neal, of "Charcoal Sketches ;"
With Morse, who chained the lightning, sir ;
All these New England fetches !

Some smart ones, too, we've loaned to you —
Pray do not call me sauey ;
But when you lacked for Governors,
Who furnished Wright and Marcy ?
So richly blest, we can afford
To let some wander forth ;
Your Hamilton — she owes us one —
Her polar star is *North* !

We always have been generous,
You cannot have forgot,
That when old Union wished a head,
New England furnished *Nott* !
And thus, whene'er you sift it down,
You find at your own hearth,
That men most justly named as great,
All claim a Yankee birth.

That prince of Yankee speculators—
Ay—Barnum is the man !
Now look around you, right and left,
And beat him if you can !
Always ahead of time and tide—
Whatever he can find !
Sometimes that least of little folks !
And sometimes Jenny Lind !

We'll beat you, big or little, sir,
Perchance 'twill strike you dumb,
Rhody has raised the biggest *man*,
Connecticut, Tom Thumb !
Whate'er is touched by us, improves—
Is rendered brighter still !
E'en Comedy had added charms
When played by "Yankee Hill !"

We're good in peace, and in a war
You'll find there is no dodging ;
For fear, within a Yankee breast,
Hath never found a lodging !
We beard the wolf within his den,
Or stride a cask of powder ;
The very imps of daring, we,
Though fed on clams and chowder !

New London girls, in olden time,
Ne'er paused to ask, what matters ?
But when the soldiers lacked gun-wads,
They tore their skirts in tatters.

Yes, should the boys once dare to flinch
From duty, or forsake it ;
The girls would face the cannon's mouth,
And lose their lives, or take it !

Go search Philanthropy's bright page —
What names are traced upon it ?
The noblest record written there,
A Yankee heart hath won it !
Ask Erin, when the famine dire,
Her starving thousands slew ;
What heart first answered to her call,
And o'er the ocean flew ?

Then never laugh at Yankees, sir,
Nor scorn New England rough ;
Her face, I own, is not so smooth —
She's made of rocky stuff !
But she hath strengthened mental might,
Hath cherished genius' child ;
Hath trained her children in the right —
Practice on precept piled !

Go roam through Europe's cities proud —
'Neath Afric's burning sun ;
At every turn, where'er you go,
You'll find New England's son !
Go rest you near the Pyramids,
No matter where you tramp !
You'll find a Yankee gone before,
Who there hath pitched his camp !

Clocks, nutmegs, and whatever else,
 You call a Yankee crop ;
If you have cash, he's glad to sell —
 If not, he'll always swap !
For he was born a merchant, sir,
 A Yankee trader bold,
Who swapped his whistle for a knife,
 When only four years old.

No matter where his home may be —
 What flag may be unfurled !
He'll manage, by some cute device,
 To whittle through the world.
Brimful of restless enterprise —
 The busiest of the busy !
Such constant work, such constant stir,
 Would drive a Dutchman dizzy !

Flout, if you will, at us and ours,
 Were you but half as wise,
With half the hawk-eyed shrewdness, sir,
 Which glanceth from our eyes ;
We'd take the leap together, sir,
 And pulling on one track,
Would leave the league confederate,
 To follow at our back.

With our united shoulders, sir,
 Together at the wheel ;
Would turn our Nation's destiny,
 By well directed zeal ;

Stand, like our Pilgrim Fathers, sir,
Empanoplied with right,
And blot each dark oppression,
For ever out of sight !

For in every untried enterprise,
New England takes the lead ;
For it takes a Yankee's head to plan —
Our pluck to go ahead !
Then sound her glory, oh ye waves,
Amid your surging roar,
Pipe up, till foam froths all your lips,
Beating her rock-ribbed shore !

The Yankees are a race distinct —
Bustle from head to feet !
They would grow rich, where you would starve ;
Come, give it up — you're beat !
Then strike up "Yankee Doodle," sir,
And while the air is ringing ;
I'll let the steam from off my quill,
And join you in your singing !

ONTARIO.

ADDRESSED TO COUSIN MARY.

ONTARIO, thy waters blue,
 Come o'er me like a spell ;
Reminding of the distant bay,
 In childhood loved so well ;
The Narraganset waves which wash
 Rhode Island's verdant shore ;
Which follow with a ceaseless dash —
 Resounding evermore !

They mind me of the sunny days —
 When hope and heart were young,
Ere yet my weary, o'er-charged soul,
 In plaintive numbers sung ;
Of artless childhood, when I gazed
 Into each dear one's face ;
And ever on the open brow,
 The leaping thought could trace.

Alas ! alas ! those brows now wear
 Cold caution's thickest veil ;
I look, and search with asking eye,
 But all my tryings fail.
Indifference calm, and dark-browed pride
 Hath quieted the flush
Of feeling, which in early days,
 Would o'er our spirits rush.

The heart's sunshine is fading fast —
How thick the shadows lie !
Hope faints from very weariness,
And leans on memory !
And not alone are they the changed, —
There is a change in me ;
I am not now what once I dreamed
That I should ever be.

No longer trusting confidence
Looks freely from my brow ;
The many blows by falsehood dealt,
Hath checked its early glow.
I do not deem the world all false,
I call it not all weak ;
Experience teaches me to hold
My ardent heart in check.

I still have friends — dear, loving friends,
Who make my pathway bright ;
My love is deeper than of old,
Although my heart's less light.
My childhood is for ever gone ;
Oh, tell me, where are they
Who played upon the play-ground bright,
Where I, too, used to play ?

Some sleep beneath the grassy turf —
The church-yard's covering sod !
They pined like home-sick angels here,
And hied them home to God !

Others, afar in distant lands,
Perform their wonted part ;
And I am here, far from them all !
Peace, peace, thou throbbing heart !

One sky doth bend above us all —
One God our life sustains :
And He who made our paths diverge,
Can bid them meet again !
Then let us, as the circling years
Gather upon our way,
Still look to heaven in hope and trust,
And ever watch and pray !

I look upon thy waters clear,
And they remind of her,
So loved in sunny childhood's hour, —
My leaf-let heart doth stir,
And on its tablet-mirror clear,
Her image now doth stand ;
As erst it stood in life's fresh morn,
When we walked hand in hand.

Once more I look on her red cheek,
Where flowed the rosy tide ;
Once more I see her bounding step
Upon the green hill-side ;
Once more, with dolls and playthings fine,
We pass the livelong day ;
At sunset, find the day too short
For all our merry play.

“ Do you remember, Mary, dear,
 The play-house by the hill,
We walled with mossy stones and turf,
 Displaying all our skill ?
And decked it out with bits of glass,
 And crockery, red and blue ;
With sofas, made of burdock burrs,
 And chairs, and tables, too ?

“ And the school-house, too ; and the laughing brook,
 Which leaped along so grand ;
Whose water we scooped in our open palms,
 And drank it from our hand ?
The play-house, Mary, stands the same,
 But other children play,
Where once we claimed exclusive right,
 Upon the hill-side way.

“ Blithe feet — not ours, not ours, Mary —
 Wipe the dew from off the grass ;
They gaze in my face with a half shy look,
 And courtesy as I pass !
And I see, in their upturned glance, Mary,
 The innocent look we wore,
Ere the world had learned us its lesson, Mary,
 In the happy days of yore !

“ Do you remember, cousin mine,
 How gay we used to play
In Summer, in the meadow south,
 Upon the new mown hay ?

HOME BALLADS,

Among the towering hay-cocks there,
How we would brisk about,
And make the patient air resound
With many a merry shout ?

“ 'Till father, out of patience quite,
Would send us to the house ;
And bye and bye, back we would creep,
As sly as any mouse !
And ride upon the loads of hay,
And pack them in the mow !
Oh, those were real jingling days—
They make me happy now !

“ And throned amid our dolls and toys,
It was such real sport !
We felt as grand as England's Vic,
Surrounded by her Court.
The hen's nests, how we hunted them,
On hay-stack, bay and mow !
I'm sure that golden eggs would not
Make us more happy now !

“ Do you mind how happy we were, Mary,
When the snow was on the ground ;
When all the butter-cups were hid,
And not an acorn found ;
We took our nice new-covered books,
And trudged away to school ;
With faces clean and aprons whole,
And dinner baskets full ?

“ As we clustered round the old school-house,
 What a merry set were we ;
Carrie, and you and I, Mary,
 And then beside us three,
There was Fanny, —(ah, she is dead, Mary,)
 Your namesake —(she’s a mother !
With boys as large as we were, when
 We played with one another.)

“ We always were smart children, Coz,
 Our perseverance great ;
Twisting around such crooked words
 As would make a cork-screw straight ;
Do you remember those spelling fights,
 Where we struggled for the crown,
And run through all the hardest words,
 To spell each other down ?

“ And then those merry noonings, Coz —
 How swift we used to glide ;
All frolicsome and joyous then,
 Adown the glare hill-side !
Sometimes we rode on Edward’s sled,
 And sometimes with my brother ;
And if, perchance, we caught a fall,
 We’d up and take another !

“ In common parlance, I suppose,
 We both were romps when young ; —
I blush to own, no truer truth,
 A Poet’s pen e’er sung !

And yet, our mothers loved us well —
How nicely we were tended !
I tell you what — we *grew up straight* —
We *twigs* were never *bended* !

“ A wearisome task they had, Mary,
To curb such fire-fly girls,
One might as well hope to straighten
The kinks of a natural curl.
No weather could daunt our courage then —
Mud, snow, nor splashing rain ;
Our veins were full, our limbs were lithé,
Not yet acquaint with pain !

“ I have counted years since then, Mary,
And smiles my lips have smiled ;
And tears I’ve wept, but not such tears,
As I shed when I was a child.
Then give me your hand and a kiss, Mary,
And pledge me with hearty good will ;
Whatever else dies, those early days,
Shall live in my memory still.”

THE HOMESTEAD.

I HAVE come once more to my dear old home,
The home of my early years ;
But I gaze with saddening heart, mother,
And eyes that are dim with tears.
They have cut the Elm tree down, mother,
That swung above the gate ;
And the green oak, too, beside the door,
That stood so tall and straight.

In the place of these dear old friends, mother,
They have set the fir and pine ;
And the sorrow that my spirit feels,
Will be but small to thine.
The door yard, too, with its green, green grass,
Is changed into beds of flowers ;
It may be brighter to their eyes, mother —
'Tis not so dear to ours !

And the meadow that sloped to the sunny South,
Where the cowslips used to grow,
They have ploughed so thick with furrows, mother,
That never a flower can blow ;
They have felled the forest across the way,
And the little Prattling rill,
That babbled along through the blossomy vale —
They have drained to carry a mill !

There is change in all that we loved, mother,
Each old accustomed thing,
No longer wears the homelike look,
It did in life's early spring.

I have stood in the old porch door, mother,
Where we sat in former years ;
But I saw not the wood-bine climbing o'er,
For my eyes were drowned in tears.

I remembered the hour when my father's hand
Pressed lightly on my head ;
But I have no father to bless me now —
He sleeps with the sleeping dead !
Yet never again in the church-yard, mother,
Can we ever a blessing crave ;
For they've carried the dead away, mother,
To sleep in another grave !

I sought 'mid this newer place for graves —
My heart was my only guide ;
I found where they'd laid him down to rest,
With a child on either side.
But a place was left by his side, mother,
Where the green grass freshly grew ;
And I wept as I gazed at this vacant space,
For I knew it was meant for you !

Oh, this world is a changing, changing world —
Like the ever shifting sand ;
And the hopes that burn the brightest, mother,
Turn to ashes in the hand.

But one thing on earth can never change,
Though all things else depart ;
No coldness can come to a mother's love,
No change to a mother's heart !

Oh, I long to lay my head, mother,
Again on your faithful breast ;
And to hear once more the simple lays,
That lulled me first to rest ;
For I long to feel the sunny glow
Of a spirit free and wild ;
And I yearn for the open faith, mother,
Which blessed me when a child.

For whenever I turn my eye, mother,
Over the pathway of years,
I find them studded with graves, mother,
And dotted thick with tears.
And the sunshine of life's morning, mother,
Hath taken a soberer hue ;
For of all that circled our household hearth,
There is only I and you.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I AM OLD?

WILL affection still enfold me,
When the day of life declines;
When old age, with ruthless vigor,
Ploughs my face in furrowed lines;
When the eye forgets its seeing,
And the hand forgets its skill,
When the very words prove rebels
To the mind's once kingly will?

When the deaf ear, strained to listen,
Scarcely hears the opening word;
And the unfathomed deeps of feeling,
Are by no swift currents stirred;
When fond memory, like a limner,
Many a line perspective casts—
Spreading out our bygone pleasures,
On the canvass of the past?

When the leaping blood grows sluggish,
And the fire of youth hath fled;
When the friends that now surround us,
Half are numbered with the dead;
When the years appear to shorten,
Scarcely leaving us a trace;
When old time, with bold approaches,
Marks his dial on my face?

When our present hopes, all gathered,
Lie like dead flowers on our track ;
When the whole of our existence,
Is one fearful looking back ;
When each wasted hour, or talent,
Scarcely measured now at all,
Sends its witness back to haunt us,
Like the writing on the wall ?

When the ready tongue is palsied,
And the form is bowed with care ;
When our only hope is Heaven,
And our only help is prayer ;
When our idols, broken round us,
Fall amid the ranks of men :
Until death uplifts the curtain,
Will thy love endure till then ?

THE KISS.

A SUBJECT strange to fire a Poet's pen,
And yet 'tis one that every heart must ken ;
Since first in Eden Adam wooed his Bride,
Who stood arrayed in beauty by his side,
All — all have known this sweet beguiling bliss,
And all have felt the magic of a kiss !

When at the well the winsome Rachel stood,
'Twas with a kiss that honest Jacob wooed ;
And in still later days the kiss we meet,
For weeping Mary kissed her Saviour's feet !
A kiss forgave the Prodigal his score,
And bade him welcome to his home once more ;
And with a world-weight woe a kiss was rife,
When crafty Judas kissed the Lord of Life !

And even now, in this, our wiser day,
O'er every heart the kiss still holds its sway ;
When first the little Infant's rosy lip
Invites the Mother to its sweetness sip,
And as her eye with wild delight doth trace,
The Father's image in its tiny face,
With gushing love, and ecstacy half wild,
With kisses fond, she half devours her child !

And next, amid that group of Girls and Boys,
Who barter kisses for their plums and toys ;
Run round the ring, choose mates, and play at pawns,
And thus their cheek the willing kiss suborns ;
And then, the Maiden, who with pouting smile,
Vows to resent it — kissing back the while ;
With sweet enchantment, half coquette, half coy,
She leads, and then restrains the doubting boy !

And see the Lover, as he woos the Maid,
Love makes him bold, and love, too, makes afraid ;
His stammering tongue can scarce its story speak,
While blushes crimson o'er his manly cheek ;

Her drooping eyelids seek his shielding breast,
The starting tear doth plainly speak the rest ;
He needs no words to tell him of his bliss ;
He seeks no nectar save love's silent kiss.

And in yon parlor see the flashing Beau,
Imprinting kisses on that hand of snow ;
A frown he meets, yet it is half a snare,
Emboldened thus, he stamps another there !
Matron, beware ! let all be pure within,
For small beginnings oftentimes lead to sin ;
Seek not the praises of a fopling's tongue,
Seek not to triumph Folly's crowds among ;
Let thine be homefelt joys and solid bliss,
Enough for thee, thy Child's and Husband's kiss !

And is there aught can more delight our ear,
Than when we Friendship's honest smack can hear ?
It tells of social feelings, kindly heart,
A heart to feel and act a Brother's part ;
No blow can break a brotherhood like this,
All bound by love — cemented with a kiss !

And e'en Religion doth its presence show,
For Prelates bend to kiss the Papal toe ;
And ere my pen its subject doth dismiss,
Suppose we drink a bumper to the kiss !

NOW AND THEN.

A MAGIC clings about the days,
The early days of school ;
Ere yet our hearts were trained to beat —
To glow and throb by rule.

Mistrust and fear were banished far —
Faith glowed within the breast ;
Whate'er the word that met our ear,
Believing, we were blest.

Each word that trembled on our lip
Was a herald from the heart ;
But now we wear a triple mask,
Concealment seems our part.

Our loves and hates in those young days,
Burst like a gushing rill ;
But we have learned the subtle art —
“ To suffer and be still ! ”

Experience hath a lesson taught,
We little wished to know ;
Hath shown that vilest passions lurk,
Ofttimes, with fairest show.

That friendship wears a double face,
That those we love the best,
May sometimes point the poisoned barb,
To bury in our breast.

That love is but a mockery—
A dearly purchased bliss ;
Which often wears a Judas guise—
Betraying with a kiss !

That Freedom's but a specious name ;
All human hearts are slaves !
That Earth is but a Potter's field,
Fast filling up with graves !

Yes, years have brought us lore like this ;
A safely garnered store :
But where is now the sunny faith,
Which warmed our hearts of yore ?

MARION'S RING.

How strange, that o'er the human heart,
So many senseless things,
Have power to stir its deepest depths,
And jar its finest strings.

I gaze upon this little ring,
And many a shadowy scene
Comes looming up o'er memory's sea,
Though years have passed between.

Once more, thine Angel-Mother speaks,
In accents kind and mild,
With soft hand on my drooping head —
“ God’s blessing on thee, child ! ”

Once more I stand beside her grave,
Thy hand in mine is pressed ;
We feel her spirit hovering near,
Although in dust she rests.

And while our life and memory lasts,
We never can forget
Her precepts stamped upon our hearts —
Though dead, she speaketh yet !

There is a gem of rarest worth,
All other gems above !
Such is the pearl I offer thee —
Affection’s wealth of love !

It beameth in the approving smile,
It kindles in the eye ;
It sparkles in the falling tear —
The tear of sympathy !

It circles like a ring, our hearts,
With varied hopes ’tis set ;
Remembrance holds each jewel fast —
We never can forget !

WORK WITH A WILL.

PULL away cheerily, work with a will,
Labor itself is pleasure and health ;
Man is a creature of infinite skill,
And contentment is seldom the handmaid of wealth.
Life is at best but a rugged ascent,
For ever, and ever, and ever, up hill ;
Yet nothing is gained to a man by dissent,
Then pull away cheerily, work with a will !

Pull away cheerily, work with a will,
God is the Master urging us on ;
Idleness bringeth us trouble and ill,
Labor itself is happiness won !
Work with the heart, and work with the brain,
Work with the hands, and work with the will ;
Step after step we conquer the plain,
Then pull away cheerily, work with a will !

Pull away cheerily, work with a will,
No one can tell the length of his stay ;
Already the Sun is climbing the hill !
Up and be doing while it is day !
Never despair, though much must be done ;
A river at birth is nought but a rill ;
Another may finish what you have begun,
Then pull away cheerily, work with a will !

Pull away cheerily, work with a will,
Let not a drone-bee live in the hive ;
The world driveth on like a busy old mill,
And each with our web we busily strive.
Our Father, who scanneth the ocean and land,
This beautiful world of valley and hill,
Seeth naught but a six days' work of his hand —
Then pull away cheerily, work with a will !

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage-coach rattling by ;
For the steam-king rules the travelled world,
And the old Pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal,
Where once the stage-horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn ;
No more the bustling landlord runs,
At the sound of the echoing horn ;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And bright-eyed children play,
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheels rumbling round ; —
Ah ha, the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found !
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
And the horse hath sought the plough !
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now !

The old Turnpike is a pike no more ;
Wide open stands the gate ;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
Which we ride at a flying rate.
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills,
And tunnelled the mountain's side ;
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
Fearlessly on we ride !

On — on — on — with a haughty front !
A puff, a shriek, and a bound ;
While the tardy echoes wake too late,
To babble back the sound ;
And the old Pike-road is left alone,
And the stagers sought the plough :
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now !

THE CHAIN OF THOUGHT.

Thought wakes when first the ambient air
 Echoes the infant's feeble cries ;
When helpless in the nurse's arms,
 It stares about with wondering eyes.

And as the days and gathering weeks
 Cycle above the infant mind,
The struggling soul expands its powers,
 No longer groping like the blind.

Instinct, which nature first supplies,
 Becomes full soon affection deep ;
And memory's faithful mirror glows,
 As dreams and visions o'er it sweep.

At home, a king among his toys,
 The echoing whistle fills his cheeks ;
'Till reason, curious at the noise,
 Quickly the sounding plaything breaks.

Reason essays itself to deeds ;
 The knife carves out the secret thought ;
The whittling school-boy shouts and leaps,
 To see the toy his hand hath wrought.

And older grown, the earnest man
 Bends over tomes of ancient lore ;
And reaping wisdom's heavier grain,
 Loves self the less and God the more.

To loftier and sublimer aims,
His cultured tastes are now inclined ;
And like the steel to kindred steel,
He kindleth up the human mind.

And mingling 'mid the jostling crowd,
With godlike reason's magic skill ;
More wide his subtle influence grows,
And bends each purpose to his will.

But time, mind welder at the forge,
His clinking hammer swings amain ;
Conglomerates with curious skill,
Links thought to thought, a magic chain !

A chain, commencing when the soul
First peered about with wondering eyes ;
Which ends not in the grave, but links
In endless circles in the skies.

TAKE THY HEART.

TAKE thy heart ! no vow shall bind thee ;
Do not deem that I can weep ;
When the gem is dimmed or stolen,
Who would then the casket keep ?

HOME BALLADS,

Seek some maiden, richer, fairer ;
Seek a form like sculptured art ;
Search the round world o'er, yet never
Hope to find a truer heart !

Not a tear shall wet my eyelid,
And no woman's grief be mine ;
I will never strive en chaining
Such a fickle heart as thine.
Thou art changed — seek no denial ;
For no longer doth thine eye,
Meet my own with truthful candor,
Kindling to a kind reply.

Never now those tones so thrilling,
Which like sweet-toned music fell ;
Cold the words thy lips now murmur —
Broken is the witching spell.
Yes, I give thee back thy freedom,
For the dream of love is o'er ;
And the heart that once adored thee,
Cannot learn to love thee more.

Do not deem me broken-hearted,
Better far that I should know
What thou art, for now, unfettered,
I can proudly bid thee go !
Go ! no fondness strives to stay thee,
I am rich in scorn and pride ;
Wealth of Indies would not tempt me,
Ever now to be thy bride !

Go! I would not soil my spirit,
Stain the honest heart I claim —
Seeking by a vow unwilling,
Thus to link it to thy name !
Go! I yield thee every token —
Once again we both are free !
When the faith is dimmed or broken,
Perish every memory !

A F R I E N D.

AYE, should I gather all the gold
Buried in California's mines ;
The fabled wealth of Persia's looms,
With all that India's store combines ;
Or gather Ocean's hidden pearls,
And search the earth from end to end ;
Their wealth combined could never reach
The value of a faithful friend.

The open hand, the heart sincere,
The trusty tongue that never lies ;
That loves to praise, yet dares reprove,
And never wears the flatterer's guise ;
The heart that joys to see me blessed ;
Divides with me each earthly woe ;
Which fain would be my sure defence,
To guard from each impending blow.

What though oppression grind me down,
The proud pass by with haughty eye ;
What though my hands be hard with toil,
Yet scarcely daily wants supply ;
If I from all the human crowd,
Can number one true-hearted friend ;
I then can boast a richer wealth,
Than all a Cresus ever kenned !

THE TEACHER.

CRAFTSMAN of the human mind,
A noble work is thine ;
To write upon the deathless soul,
The deep imprinted line ;
To lay the corner-stone to deeds
Of nobleness and power ;
This, in this midas-world of ours—
This is the teacher's dower !

Thy hand the magic sceptre holds,
Before which Monarchs kneel ;
The power to unking kings, and make
Both thrones and empires reel.
For education buildeth mind,
Thought on thought the tower doth ris
A workman thou ; the architect,
And Master, in the skies !

Then, teacher, work with earnestness,
For unto thee is given
The mind, the soul ; and thine it is
To sow the seed for heaven.
And in thy fearful, Godlike task,
Perform a noble part ;
Direct the thoughts, and stamp with care,
Truth's signet on the heart.

THE MOON AND THE ECHO.

TELL me, thou moon, in whose approaching light
The stars turn pale, and twinkle in affright ;
And when thy steeds ascend the steep of heaven,
They haste to bid the sleeping world good-even ;
Tell me, thou Queen of Night, in accents mild,
Doth my mother dream of her absent child ?
List to the echo — like a zephyr wild,
It floats upon the air — *Her absent child !*

And that fair girl, twin-sister of my heart ;
At thought of her each throbbing pulse doth start ;
That girl so loved, so cherished and so true,
That angel-face the loving heart shines through !
Tell me, thou “ Sun of Night,” my heart-strings thrill,
Look at her — tell me, Doth she love me still ?
List to the sound, replying from the hill —
Doth she love me still ? It answers — *Still !*

Thou too, proud heart, thou brother of my soul,
As o'er the past the flood of thought doth roll,
Its billows froth with joy ; thy softened look
Peeps forth from many a page in memory's book ;
Tell me, thou moon, though severed far are we,
Doth that dear friend still love, remember me ?
Hark to its voice — like some fond spirit's plea,
It echoes softly — *Love, remember me !*

TAKE ME HOME TO DIE.

THIS land is very bright, mother,
The flowers are very fair ;
There is music in the orange groves,
And fragrance in the air ;
But take me to my dear old home, —
The brook is babbling by ;
Haste, haste — let us go back, mother,
Oh take me home to die !

Let father's gentle hand be pressed
In blessing on my head ;
My brothers and my sisters dear,
All bend about my bed ;
Oh, let me feel that loved ones near,
Receive my parting breath ;
When I bid all good night, mother,
And sleep the sleep of death !

Then take me to the play ground, mother,
I loved in childhood's morn ;
And lay me on my own dear cot,
In the room where I was born !
These Southern flowers are fairer far,
The birds have gayer tone ;
And yet I pine away, mother,
For childhood's early home !

I yearn to see it once again —
The flower I love the best
Is the rose that climbs beside our door,
Where the robin built its nest ;
It will be blooming soon, mother,
Then come, oh, let us go ;
Give me once more its roses fair,
Before you lay me low !

Plant them upon my grave, mother,
Say, mother, will you not ?
And lay me by the mossy bank —
I showed you oft the spot !
'Tis close beside the dear old church,
And when you kneel to pray,
I shall be near you then, mother,
I am not far away !

Bend down your cheek to mine, mother,
And let me kiss the tears ;
The same dear mother, kind and good,
That watched my early years !

I'm growing faint and chill, mother,
 Oh, take me to your breast,
And let me feel your lips once more
 Upon my forehead pressed ;

For darkness veils my sight, mother,
 I cannot draw my breath ;
Is it your sobs I hear, mother ?
 Oh, tell me, is this death ?
Tell father, mother, how I yearned
 Once more to see him near ;
And kiss my sisters each for me,
 They will forget, I fear !

And when they throng around, mother,
 And you gather them to prayer,
Think of the one you have lost, mother,
 Who claimed of your love a share !
I feel I am going now, mother,
 One kiss before we part !
I can go home to die, mother,
 My home is on your heart !

NOVEMBER.

BLEAK, and bare, and blear November,

Art thou here ?

Saddest thou of all the twelvemonths

In the year !

All the twelvemonths

In the year !

Birds' nests dot the naked tree tops,

All around ;

And the dry leaves mutter, mutter,

On the ground —

Mutter, mutter,

Summer's gone !

Now the storm-wind, like a torrent,

O'er us breaks ;

And the forests fall before him,

As he wakes.

Fall before him,

As he wakes !

Clouds o'er-darken all the heavens,

Brimmed with rain ;

Hear the round drops drumming, drumming,

On the pane —

Drumming, drumming,

On the pane !

By the door the willow boweth,
As in prayer ;
And the hemlocks quake and quiver,
Sighing sair —
Quake and quiver,
Sighing sair !

Brooks, their high banks over-leaping,
Swift and strong,
Wash the dead flowers down their margins,
All along !
Down their margins,
All along !

Earth is sick with weeping, weeping —
Drunk with rain !
Hear the tall trees moan and shudder,
As in pain !
Moan and shudder,
As in pain !

Bleak, and bare, and blear November,
I implore !
Let one sunbeam like a rainbow,
Evermore,
Arch thy shadows
Evermore !

THE COLD ROUGH TOUCH OF WORLDLINGS.

THE cold rough touch of worldling hands,
So rends my spirit's leaves,
I shut them closely like the flower,
That no rude shock receives.

They know not of the loving heart
I keep imprisoned here ;
They dream not of the brimming soul,
Where drops the inward tear.

I care not that they know me not,
So I may claim of thee
A boon which every heart doth need —
The boon of sympathy !

Still chide me, when I need reproof,
And soothe me when I weep ;
Sing gently in my willing ear,
And lull me soft asleep ;

When angels, with their noiseless wings,
In fairy-dreams will throng ;
And stir my spirit's deepest fount,
'Till it bubbles up in song.

My far-winged soul to thee will float,
Along the billowy air ;
And in my censer-heart will burn,
The incense of a prayer ;

That God will hold thee by His love,
While all good angels keep
Close watch about thy path by day,
And guard thee when asleep !

THE TWO ELMS.

WE had travelled many miles, through a dense forest, when, all at once, we came upon a sweet little opening on one side of the wooded path. By the appearance, it would seem that the axe of the Settler had been busy amid this solitude. Two trees alone remained within the area of the clearing— Two Elms ; one nearly dead, and the other young and fresh, lifting up its head beneath the tall, gaunt branches of the parent tree. Methought, the old tree looked down upon her nursling with a mingling of pride and rebuke.

Ah ha, little Elm, so litesome and fair,
With a Zephyr-like wave swinging high in the air ;
There's a flutter of pride in the toss of thy head,
While the leaves softly move, and the light branches spread.
Beware, little nursling, I once was as warm,
As vain of my freshness — as vain of my form ;
As graceful and airy as thou wavest now,
But the stern tyrant, Time, makes an elm-tree to bow.

Three hundred years since, on a bright summer's morn,
The trees shouted loudly, an Elm tree is born !
I lifted my head, then all tender and young,
My mother bowed o'er me, and sweetly she sung :

Sleep, sleep, thou young nursling, close hid by my side,
I will shield thee from danger, for thou art my pride.

It was there that I grew, a tender young shoot,
For dozens of years, at my Elm-mother's foot.
One night, the Storm-king was out in his might,
The trees raised their heads, shrieking loud in affright ;
Then whispering said, this is dark, fearful weather,
There is safety in numbers, let's gather together !
The Sycamore brave, was with others assembling ;
The poor little Hemlock was all over trembling ;
My mother, whose head towered high over all,
Saw the danger afar — “ I shall fall — I shall fall !
The swift wind is coming, I look in his eye,
He is fearful in wrath — I must die — I must die !
I leave thee, my son, thou art tender and young,
Yet never forget from what race thou art sprung !
Thou'l be lord of the forest — thou budding young thing !
I am willing to die, since I leave thee Elm-king ! ”
The wind it rushed by with a hoarse growling blast,
My mother had fallen — those words were her last.
I shivered in fear, as she lay cold and still,
Ne'er again could she guard or protect me from ill ;
The rain-drops would fall unrebuked on my brow,
My refuge had gone — I had no shelter now !
I sobbed in my sorrow, and shed dewy tears,
I leaned to my neighbors to quiet my fears ;
The Oak, always haughty, cried out to the blast,
Oh ho, the old Elm-queen has dropped off at last !
Those words were his last, for he scarcely had spoken,
Ere the wind breathed upon him, and he too was broken.

The Aspens they quivered, the Birches they paled,
While the Maple and Walnuts all of them quailed.
The Pine scowled in scorn — “ who’s afraid — who’s
afraid ! ”

The wind shouted back — “ Thy grave I have made ! ”
So he lifted its roots, high out, with a bound,
While the Pine shrieked and moaned as it fell to the ground
I bowed myself down, and with trembling breath,
Repeated my prayers to our Mother, the Earth.

Since then, many years, I have lived in my pride,
My head has towered high, and my arms have stretch’d
wide ;
Each tree of the forest that grew up with me,
Died long years agone, I am now an old tree !
Soon — soon, I must die, my veins they are chill,
The life fire has gone out, and the swift sap is still ;
My long, bony limbs, once so graceful and light,
Now stand like stern ghosts, ’gainst the sable of night :
When a few fleeting days shall pass over my head,
My last leaf will fall, and I lie with the dead ;
Then learn ne’er to look on the humble with pride,
For soon all must lie on the turf side by side !

I remember, full often, that under my shade,
Bright children, unconscious in innocence, played ;
Lay stretched on the turf that sandalled my feet,
While their sweet voices chimed in a harmony sweet.
One clear silent eve, far away in the West,
The Moon bade good night, and was sinking to rest ;

But high overhead, in the bright milky-way,
The stars twinkled out, turning darkness to day ;
It was then, underneath, in my wide-spreading shade,
The red Chieftain wooed his olive-cheeked maid ;
I hushed every leaf, rocked the song-birds asleep,
To list to their words ; I saw the maid weep,
I felt her heart tremble, as close to my side,
She sought, in my shelter, her blushes to hide.
The stars winked at each other, looking down on their bliss,
As they changed with mute lips the first thrilling kiss !
I watched their slow steps, as they quitted my shade,
As fearing to linger, at parting afraid ;
Love kindled a fire in the eloquent eye,
The step it was lighter, the heart bounded high ;
For hope played the string, and sweet melody rang,
Through each spirit-cell as she joyously sang.
I saw the same Chieftain when hastening to war,
All painted and plumed, as the forest braves are ;
His tomahawk glittered, the red scalping-knife
Peeped out from its sheath, as if longing for strife.
I saw him returning, all fearful and grim,
With trophies of war, both on shoulder and limb ;
Then under my shade they the war-dance began ;
I felt myself tremble, and shudderings ran
Through each tiny leaf ; and I lifted my arm,
And prayed to the tree's God to shield me from harm.
That Chieftain and Maiden long since sank in death,
I breathed their low requiem with soft-sighing breath ;
Pale faces have gathered ; they now have the sway ;
The Indians have left us for ever and aye !

In Summer, a leaf-crown I wore on my brow ;
In Winter, my diadem I wreathed of the snow ;
For my spirit was high, and my heart it was warm,
While frost-pearls and icicles jewelled my arms.
My triumph hath passed ; I am ugly and bare,
While thou, green-bedizened, art swinging in air ;
I yield thee my sceptre — I yield thee my sway ;
Rule — rule in the forest, the Elm-king to-day !

DO YOU TIRE OF ME ?

Ask each flower of iris hue,
Glistening with pearly dew ;
Ask the star, whose diamond light
Sparkles on the robe of night ;
Ask the brooks which dance along ;
Ask the warbling bird of song ;
Ask the bended, bearded grain ;
Ask the falling drops of rain ;
Ask the blind, receiving sight ;
Ask each thing which seeks the light ;
Singly, thou of each inquire,
If they ever, ever tire ?

The flower may tire of beaded dew ;
The star may bid a last adieu ;
The babbling brook forget to flow ;
The bird no more its songs bestow ;

The ripening grain forgot to bend ;
The welcome rain no more descend ;
The Blind refuse the gift of sight ;
And Nature tire of heat and light ;
E'en hope may let her lamp expire,
Before my heart of thee can tire.

I WOULD NOT CALL THEE BACK.

I WOULD not call thee back, brother,
To tread the earthly round ;
E'en couldst thou bask in fortune's smile,
By pride and power renowned.
Thou wert all we had to cling to, brother,
And life was scarce begun ;
But now the grave shuts out the earth,
As the cloud shuts out the sun.

Thou wert very young to die, brother,
Yet God in Heaven knew best ;
And we've hollowed for thee a grave, brother,
Beside our father's breast.
Two mounds, where there was one before —
Two griefs our hearts divide ;
Two friends the less, oh brother, dear,
“ Would God, thou hadst not died ! ”

And yet I would not call thee back,
Though thou wert strong and brave,
To tread the weary plane of years—
Inclining to the grave !
Better to die in the morning's prime,
When all is gay and bright ;
Than to linger 'till the setting sun,
To bid the world good night.

Better to lie 'neath the cold kirk sod,
And rest as the dead may rest ;
Than to live in a world like this, brother,
With a cold heart in the breast.
And never again for thee, brother,
Shall the tears rush up the eyes ;
Ours is a weary road — but thine,
Was a cross-cut to the skies !

Not in a cold or a lonely spot,
Have we lain thee down to rest ;
But the green turf, arched to a grassy mound,
Lies lightly on thy breast.
We have left thee asleep where the sunshine
Warmly upon thee lies,
Wrapping thee round in brightness,
As an earnest of the skies !

The wild thyme and the violets
Creep softly o'er thy breast ;
And the tall grass close beside, brother,
Shelters a ground-bird's nest.

And when from our hearts the blood-beat,
Ceases to ebb and flow ;
May they lay us down by thy side, brother,
To sleep as thou sleepest now.

CLARA.

God saw thee in thy beauty,
Thy innocence and grace ;
And set the seal of silence,
Upon thy speaking face ;
A stillness settled round thee,
Like to a summer even ;
And the smile upon thy features,
Was the countersign of Heaven !

It seemed some lovely vision,
So like thy child-like sleep ;
I feared to break thy dreaming,
And scarcely dared to weep ;
But they dressed thee in the clothing
Which graced thy christening day ;
When the cross upon thy forehead,
Like a holy symbol lay ;

And then within the coffin,
They laid thy little head ;
Yet still thou wert so life-like,
I could not feel thee dead.

They laid fresh roses round thee,
 Scattered them on thy pall ;
 But thou, my precious darling,
 Wert the sweetest rose of all !

I am very, very lonely,
 Since they hid thee from my sight ;
 I think of thee at dawning,
 And dream of thee by night ;
 And then a spirit whispers,
 In breathings soft and clear,
 Thou art mother of an angel,
 Then dry the starting tear !

VINTON'S WELCOME HOME.

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Welcome to thy native shore !
 Brothers, let the banners wave
 Gently o'er the warrior brave ;
 March, with slow and measured tread,
 Bear him to his lowly bed !

Let the city's turmoil cease —
 See, the soldier sleeps in peace !
 Fathers, lo, his fight is done —
 Look upon thy valiant son !
 Softly raise the coffined head,
 Lay him in his narrow bed !

Kindred, bend above his bier ;
Shed for him affection's tear ;
None a nobler race hath run —
Husband — Father — Brother — Son !
Firm, yet gentle, true and brave —
Kindred, weep beside his grave !

Poet, wake thy harp at will,
For a brother's lyre is still !
String the chords to notes of woe ;
Let the dirge be sad and low ;
Weep for us, but, loud and free,
Strike for him a jubilee !

Painter, seize the living brush,
While the floods of memory rush ;
Let again the features glow —
Winning smile, and noble brow !
Mourn with us a brother fled —
Chant a requiem for the dead !

Minstrel, ere the dirge is o'er,
Let the chords ring out once more ;
Cold the hand, and closed the eye,
Once could wake sweet melody !
Let the soul of music sweep
Through the chords, then turn and weep !

Scholar, bending o'er the page,
Turn and see the soldier-sage !
Never, never more for him,
Shall the lamp burn low and dim ;

See, a nation mourns to-day—
Leave thy page and homage pay!

Christian, wipe the tearful eye—
Lo, a Christian passeth by!
Lo, a soldier of the Cross!
His the crown, and ours the loss!
Come and see his lowly bed;
Welcome to the noble dead!

GRACE VERNON.

FAINT and fainter grew her breathing,
Brighter glowed the beaming eye;
And I felt, though no one told me,
That our little Grace must die.
Yet I knew, though earth must lose her,
When her earthly life was o'er,
Set within the crown of Jesus,
There would shine one jewel more!

O'er her face a glow was spreading,
Lighting up the meek blue eyes;
And her lip, in silent whispers,
Murmured to the listening skies.
Brighter beamed the glow, and brighter,
All withdrawn from human care;
As though an angel stirred the spirit,
'Till the face shone like a prayer!

With her head upon my shoulder,
And her hand within my own,
Through the midnight watch I held her,
'Till I knew myself alone.
In the earliest gray of morning,
At the first faint flush of day,
One more star shone out in Heaven —
One from earth had passed away !

THE BLIND MOTHER.

SAY, shall I never see thy face, my child ?
My heart is full of feelings strange and wild ;
A mother's hopes and heartfelt joys are mine,
My soul is filled with gushings half divine ;
And never more, my child, am I alone,
Since thy young heart doth echo to mine own.

But shall I never see thee ? can it be,
That all may gaze, my precious boy, on thee,
And yet the heart that loves thee most, forego
The dearest pleasure other mothers know ?
This, this is anguish — agony refined !
Oh God, forgive me ! Baby, I am blind !

Yes, yes — I never, never knew before,
The depth of my affliction — oh, for power,

For one short thrilling moment, child, to gaze,
 On thy sweet tiny face, that others praise ;
 And yet I must not murmur ; God is kind ;
 But *this is darkness* — now I *feel* I'm blind !

Nay, do not start, my child, it was a tear
 That wet thy brow ; thy mother, boy, is here ;
 And though I may not see thee, yet I feel
 Thy velvet cheek against my bosom steal ;
 And none can harm thee there, nor hand unkind
 Shall touch my darling, even though I'm blind !

List — list — it is thy father's step I hear ;
 Now let me smooth my brow, press back the tear ;
 He shall not find me weeping, when so blessed,
 With thee, my darling, cradled on my breast ;
 But could I only see thee ! Yet God's will
 Be done ! Peace, throbbing heart, be still !

We are alone again, he never guessed
 What yearning anguish filled thy mother's breast,
 When he did praise thy features half defined,
 He quite forgot that his young wife was blind !
 And yet, when his fond arm was round us thrown,
 His lip half trembled when it met my own.

Oh, should he e'er repent him he hath wed
 A being burdened with a woe so dread ;
 Should he grow tired of one so frail and weak,
 My heart, in that dark hour, would joy to break ;

Or should his lip grow cold, his hand unkind,
God help me, baby, then indeed I'm blind !

But shall I never see thee ? Yes, my boy,
Some future hour my heart shall know that joy ;
It may not be on earth, but in the skies,
I yet shall gaze, my darling, in thine eyes ;
So I will patient be, for God is kind,
For in yon heaven not one eye is blind !

S U N S E T .

As slowly sinks the parting sun,
Leaving the earth to rest ;
He flingeth half his glory back,
Over the arching West.
Where clouds on folded pinions float
Upon the billowy air ;
Gleaming as though a rainbow band
Had met in concert there.

The darkness gathers in the vale,
While on the eastern hill,
As if in mockery of the West,
The sunlight lingers still.
Amid the nestling hills, the mist,
Coils like a serpent's trail,

And winding down o'er brook and lake,
It throws a fairy veil.

The winds are still ; the rustling leaves
No more their murmur keep ;
The flowers bow down upon their stalks,
Folding themselves to sleep.
A lull is brooding o'er the earth —
Deep silence everywhere !
Heaven bendeth to her orisons,
While nature bows in prayer !

THE VINE AND THE OAK.

We are one, said the Vine to the Oak,
As round it it tremblingly clung ;
And crept up its trunk with its sweet veil of leaves,
And a mantle caressingly flung.

We are one — I encircle you round,
And with garlands of emerald twine ;
You can 'ne'er shake me off, although strong in your stren
And I but a gossamer vine.

We are one — though you tower like a king,
And may reach to the o'erhanging sky ;
Yet still with affection around you I cling ;
We are one — we are one, till we die !

GO, FALSE ONE, GO !

Go, false one, go ! I loved thee well,
But I will tear thee from my heart,
E'en though my very life rebel —
For thou hast played a traitor's part !
I bowed in homage deep and wild,
And deemed thou wert of real worth ;
But find my trusting heart beguiled
By a phantom of ideal birth.

I thought thee generous, true and kind ;
And proved thee changing, false and cold ;
Yet cannot banish from my mind,
The being that I loved of old.
Thine eyes, so bright with liquid fire,
Will never glance on me again ;
Thy words, once sweet as angel's lyre,
Will never more mine ear enchain.

Yet go, I know that we must part ;
Nor do I wish to stay thee here ;
I could not love thee as thou art —
So false as thou dost now appear !
Then go to fashion's giddy throng,
Before another bow the knee ;
I bear the blight, I bear the wrong,
Yet happier than thou e'er canst be !

Yes, go ! ambition leads thee on,
 And gold will buy thee half the world ;
 Yet never hope to wear upon
 Thy heart, the gem of truth empearled.
 Yes, go ! for shouldst thou kneel again,
 I could but spurn thee from my feet ;
 My eye would fill with proud disdain,
 Shouldst thou again the vow repeat !

Yes, go ! and thou shalt be forgot !
 This task, though bitter, now is mine !
 My heart ? — a traitor breaks it not !
 Then never dream that I repine.
 Go ! fame may twine a wreath for thee,
 And wealth may honor thee as guest ;
 But yet, whatever thou may'st be,
 Remember, falsehood stains thy crest !

THE POWER OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

THE power of woman's love, can any guess,
 By the low whisper, or the light caress ;
 By the red lip, though gaily dressed in smiles,
 Or by the laughing dimple's luring wiles ?
 Say, is it guessed, when blushes paint the cheek ;
 When the swift tongue forgets its power to speak ;

When a sweet tremor rushes through the frame,
And the heart echoes to one magic name ?
Or is it guessed when fickle fortune smiles,
When with its short lived pleasure earth beguiles ;
When hedged with happiness, no care annoys,
And life appears an endless round of joys ?

It may be guessed, but not by these alone
Can the strong might of woman's love be shown ;
See her, when breaking o'er her fragile form,
Life sends its tempests like a wild sea storm ;
With firmest nerve she dares to meet the shock,
Love lends her power its wildest rage to mock ;
What though her rosy cheek be blanched by care,
The form be bowed, which once was lithe and fair ?
Though every grace should vanish, still the heart
Will beat the same, though all things else depart ;
A plaything, she, when skies are bright and warm,
But man shall claim her, angel, in the storm !

TO MARY ——.

By thy brow so faultless fair ;
By thy glossy jetty hair ;
By thine eye, whose sparkling light
Cradles truant stars of night ;

By thy red lip's winning smile ;
By each laughing dimple's wile —
I love thee, dearest Mary !

By thy cheek's soft, shell-like flush ;
By thy mantling, rosy blush ;
By thy ringlet's rippling float,
By thy proudly arching throat ;
By each winning, witching grace,
Living in thy form or face,
I love thee, dearest Mary !

By thy words, devoid of art ;
By thy cheery, gladsome heart ;
By thy voice's melodious strain ;
By thy tear, at other's pain ;
By thy joy, at other's cheer ;
By thy soul so crystal clear —
I love thee, dearest Mary.

T O K A T E .

THERE's something in thy voice, lady,
And something in thine eye,
Doth win the homage of my heart —
I cannot tell thee why.

It is not that thy form is proud,
Or that thy brow is fair,
Or that thy features bear the charm
The beautiful may wear ;

It is thy sparkling words, lady,
By truthful feeling fraught ;
Which reach the lip, before the mind
Takes cognizance of thought.

It is thy ready sympathy ;
The ever springing tear,
Which gusheth from thy heart, to share
Another's hope or fear.

It is thy self-forgetfulness ;
Thy joy to give a joy ;
Or lend a hope from thine own store,
Another's hope to buoy.

For this I love thee ; and when years
Have circled o'er my head,
I shall turn back with pleasant thoughts,
To this short summer fled.

Three fleeting months ! — too bright — too bright,
Have been their joys, to last ;
An hour of purest happiness —
A gush of music past !

TO HER WHO SHALL BEST UNDERSTAND

LADY, 'tis no light affliction,
Such as common hearts deservy ;
No vain luxury of sorrow,
Bringing tear-drops to the eye ;
No such thoughts of consolation,
As we yield the dead who sleep,
No subduing memories thrilling —
Commanding us to weep !

No ! Thy grief within thy bosom,
Safely guarded, year by year,
Cannot hope to find expression,
In a word or in a tear.
Thine, the woe of desolation ;
Thine, the stillness of despair ;
Thine, the dumbness of great sorrow ;
Thine, the agony of prayer !

A garnering of bitter fancies —
A labyrinth of doubts and fears !
No sweet hopes to gild the future,
Lighting up the coming years !
No ! Shut up within thy bosom,
Like a miser's hidden store,
Thou must lock thy fearful treasure,
Thinking one thought evermore !

MARY ANNA.

We have lost thee, gentle Mary ; thou hast passed away
from earth ;

A shadow has passed over us, and stilled our household
mirth ;

For the loveliest, the purest, and the eldest of our band,
Hath crossed the frozen waters, and gained the better land.

There is sadness in our dwelling, since we missed thee from
our midst ;

There was kindness in thy every word, and good in all thou
didst ;

And thy rose tree, with its blossoms, as they open to the
sun,

Seem telling of the gentle one, whose pilgrimage is done !

We miss thee in the morning, and we miss thee in the eve,
Yet still the thought of blessedness forbids our hearts to
grieve ;

'Tis ours with timid hearts to strive, in a world with trials
ripe ;

Already, thou hast reached the bourne, and gained immor-
tal life.

We feel 'twere wrong to wish thee back to such a world as
this,

Where something always comes to mar and spoil us of our
happiness .

Where the trials which encompass us, the strong alone are
brave,
In glimpses of the brighter day to dawn beyond the grave.

And though our eyes are full of tears, they are not tears of
pain ;
We would not be so false of heart as to call thee back
again.
Yet 'tis meet that we should sorrow, for when loved Lazarus slept,
A Saviour, bending o'er him, in voiceless anguish wept.

TO ELIZA.

ELIZA, of the times lang syne, pray tell me, do you ever
Remember a ride equestrian, we once enjoyed together ?
Our steeds were only farmer's nags we borrowed from the
plough,
Whose paces were as void of grace as the gambols of a
cow ;
Yet off we went, like John of old, all for to take a ride,
Our horses trotting in a line, instead of side by side ;
While Mary Anna, far behind, was often heard to cry,
Why will you ride at such a rate ? Do stop, or I shall
die !

Still on we went, o'er hill and dale, with an express-man's strides,
'Till all the country folks astir, bewildered ask, who rides?
From "Pucker street" across the plain, one sure were mad to follow,
For down the hill we rode full tilt, and raced it through the hollow;
Two strides — we cleared the rustic bridge, then paused, for in the distance
A beckoning hand was waved to us, to ask for our assistance;
While Mary Anna's piteous tones proclaimed her piteous plight,
And truly 'twas with piteous eye we scanned the piteous sight.
Poor child! too small to hold a horse, and then the beast she rode
Was void of grace and courtesy, like Gilpin's on the road;
For though she held with all her might, her might was very small;
And though she called for him to stop, he heeded not the call;
But faster yet, with plunging trot, he coursed along the vale,
While the wind played 'neath her riding dress, and filled it like a sail;
Her bonnet, hanging by the strings, was streaming on the wind;
Her hair, the long braids all unlooped, hung down in queues behind;

And she, her red cheek blanched by fear, had scarcely
voice to tell,
The chapter of disasters her luckless ride befell.

Eliza, those were merry days ; how soon they passed away !
For a sober, second glance at life, no longer finds us gay :
There are broken links in the chain of love, for death
leaves gaps between ;
And some who made our sunshine then, no more on earth
are seen.

The pure of heart, that gentle one, the partner of our ride,
Faded before me like a flower, and bowed her head and died !
She died as a little child might die, she sought the promised
rest,
As an infant folds itself to sleep upon its mother's breast ;
She sought her mother's arms to die, the faint breath lulled
away
So softly, that we never knew the soul had left the clay :
We called, no answer came to us, to her the boon was
given,
One moment in our midst on earth, the next exhaled to
Heaven !

And as we robed her for the grave, our hearts with sorrow
rise,
A faint flush lingered on her cheek, and made her look like
life ;
The roses, and the jessamine, we laid upon her breast,
Looked home-like, and as though attuned on such a heart
to rest ;

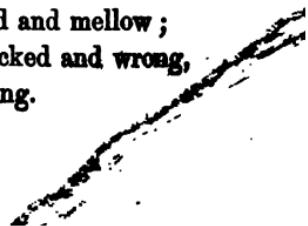
And though we miss her from our side, there is a home
above,
A home more meet for her to dwell, who all her life was
love.

Eliza, in a world like this, a world of joy and pain —
What wonder that my mirthful song assumes a plaintive
strain ;

For o'er the sunniest prospects here, upon a Summer's day,
The mocking shadows flit across, like children in their play :
For day is never all sunshine, and night is not all shade ;
And life itself, if well portrayed, is half a masquerade.

A LETTER TO THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

DEAR JOURNAL, they tell me, perchance you may know it,
That May, merry May, is the month for the poet !
That the poets and birds are expected to sing,
Alike of the hopes and the pleasures of Spring.
Could you hear, as I heard, this morning, so bright,
The lark, up betimes, praising God for the light ;
And the red-breasted robin, who took up the song,
And warbled, and twittered, the merry day long ;
And the Bobolink, too, that pert little fellow,
Whose roundelay greets us so varied and mellow ;
I am sure you would feel it both wicked and wrong,
For man not to add his mite in a song.



The world wags along, and we, like the rest,
Speed eagerly on, like children in quest
Of new pleasures or toys, which when gained, often change,
By some necromancy, or alchemy strange,
Into things nothing worth, which we fain would throw
down,

As children eschew their bubbles when blown !
We grumble at fate, and often, I fear,
Fancy we purchase our blessings too dear ;
See many around us, whose burdens seem light,
And whose pathway is nought but an arch of delight ;
And the question arises, why is it, that we
Should share in life's struggles, and they in its glee ?
We are wrong, sadly wrong ; ah, could we but trace
Through the mask in which mortals envelop the face,
Each hidden emotion of joyance or pain,
With all the discomforts or pleasures in train ;
We should find, that although they have joys we have not,
Yet God by some blessing hath balanced our lot.

Each age and condition bringeth its care,
Childhood and manhood bearing their share ;
From the infant who cries, and the blustering boy,
Who clamors and coaxes for every new toy,
To the grey-headed man, who trembles with age,
Each heart hath its own — 'tis earth's heritage !

Contentment, that flower of heavenly birth,
All that humanity needs upon earth ;
I have gazed, with wondering eyes,
Ones of earth, and marked with surprise,

Though courted, and flattered, and praised the world round,
Some cause of discomfort is still to be found ;
They are often less happy, less friendly with fate,
Than the beggars who clamor for alms at their gate !

I am never despondent ; yet I look with surprise,
When memory holdeth her glass to my eyes —
Painting days that are past, when careless and wild,
Unfettered, and free, a light-hearted child,
I sunned in the sunshine of life's early morn,
And plucking the roses, escaped from the thorn.
Since then I have drunk from sorrow's full bowl,
And the flood-tide of trial hath deluged my soul ;
I have stood by the bed of a father when dying ;
I have questioned the lips, too cold for replying ;
I have kissed the cold cheek, whence all color had fled ;
I have scanned the dark house where we bury our dead ;
And weeping in bitterness over the stone,
Have turned to the world, feeling almost alone.

Yet God knoweth best, and through struggle and toil,
He teacheth his children forever to moil ;
And though we may faint with a soul-weary pain,
And the heart-ache so sair, as 'twere breaking in twain ;
Still heaven's our guerdon — though much we may bear,
Yet a little while longer — one step, we are there !

How oft I have wished for some halcyon sphere,
With only the good and the treasured ones near,
To build up an Eden — let heart beat to heart,
And each of their treasures to yield us a part ;

United in heart, united in mind,
With love and high purpose for ever combined ;
To share in our thoughts, to share in our glee,
"Distinct like the billows, but one like the sea ! "

That haleyon sphere, we shall seek it in vain,
In a world that is groaning in bondage and pain.
But when we have reached life's furthermost shore,
And earth with its struggles and trials are o'er ;
With trust in that God who is mighty to save,
We will seek for that land through the path of the grave !

But let me forego this preacher-like vein,
And shake myself clear of the sentiment train.
A preacher ? Why not ? As onward we tread,
Through the land of the living to the land of the dead,
Preach each to our fellows ? Each spirit is rife
With lessons of meaning — some lesson of life !
And if but one heart should write all within,
The promptings of kindness, the temptings of sin,
We should find it a book more worthy our care
Than all the best writings that fall to our share ;
With its lights and its shadows, of good and of evil —
A conglomeration of angel and devil !
Each heart to itself would acknowledge, alas,
It saw its own shadow held up in a glass !

Enough for this time — I must finish my ditty,
And seal it, and send it at once to the city ;

With a very low bow to your press and its patrons,
(From the very young men to the very old matrons;)
And may they, at least, have two dollars in "siller,"
While you have the Journal, and I am its

NILLA.

TO THE JOURNAL.

GOOD Morrow, dear Journal, I will, by your leave,
Just sit down and write you a letter, this eve;
And as the muse whispers, suppose for this time,
I venture to send you a missive in rhyme.
The swift wheels of time have circled so fast,
That the Summer has fled and the Autumn has passed,
Since you and I last had the pleasure to meet;
Make our bows and salams on a "papier" sheet.
Six months! there is much to be learned in that time,
And not to be busy amounts to a crime.
Then what have we done, and what have we said,
Worthy remembrance if we were dead;
Suppose we sit down, 'tis the close of the year,
And foot the accounts — see how they appear.

Alas, 'tis so humbling a task to look back
And run down the margin of memory's track,
Of hours misimproved, and talents unused —
Perchance e'en the charge of talents abused —
That the best man on earth must tremble with shame,
As he scanneth the record affixed to his name.

Poor spendthrifts of time ; we chatter and prate,
Never dreaming that death may be close to our gate ;
And never a bolt, nor a bar, nor a lock,
Shall dare to resist his summoning knock !
Ah, could we but feel the shortness of earth,
Think you that our thoughts could so mingle with mirth ;
Should we venture to fritter our moments away,
If we knew that our sun would set with to-day ?
Or should we from trifles such happiness borrow,
Were we sure that our lives would know no to-morrow ?

Yet think not from this, dear reader, I pray,
I would drive from this earth all pleasure away ;
For 'tis kind in our God, his purpose to veil
From us, while we walk in humanity's vale ;
He means that his children shall walk without fear,
And the Christian has surely best right to good cheer,
Since he lives for two worlds, and his father in love,
Guides his feet in the path that shall lead him above.

The year that is past — its pleasure and pain,
It will not be ours to encounter again.
To the joyous and gay, this thought may be sad ;
To the wretched and weary, these tidings are glad ;
And to all, there's a mixture of sorrow and mirth,
For the sunshine and shadow must mingle on earth ;
For spread like a plaid, the smiles and the tears,
Like the darkness and light, have checkered our years.
One moment, earth's goblet of nectar fills up,
The next, drops of Marah are dashed in the cup ;

For born of the Fall, like the smile and the tear,
Hope finds his twin younger brother, in fear !

The year that is past ! A link in the chain,
Commencing at birth, and which ends not again ;
For the spirits within us, our bodies now hold,
Must live through all time, and yet never grow old.
The year that is past ! Oh, who would be fain
To return and live over its past time again !
Though brightened by joys, it brought trials as well,
And the pleasures of union were dashed by farewell ;
And some that we loved, the gentle, the brave,
Have gone from our number to rest in the grave ;
And some, oh worse pain ! by falsehood have proved,
That a blow strikes the deepest from a hand that we loved !

The new year, 'mid tokens of music and mirth,
Of blessing and joy, is welcomed on earth ;
Our track lies before us, though trials may lurk,
Each soul hath a mission, each hand hath a work.
Then let us press on, with a stout-hearted tread,
A conscience within, and a God overhead ;
And thus, although danger and trouble be near,
We shall make for our portion a happy new year !

PRAISE.

'Tis pleasant to be praised ! The heart of man
Loved commendation when the world began ;
For "Mother Eve," dear simple soul, first gave
Her ear to praise, and made us all its slave.
For when the Tempter, skilled with wily art,
Essayed the ruin of the human heart,
The simple means, which wrought our deep disgrace,
And damned as one, our myriad human race,
Was subtle praise ; she *loved* the monstrous lie,
"Ye shall become as Gods — ye shall not die!"
And thus, by smoothing words made bold and vain,
She plucked and ate, and doomed the world to pain.

And ever since that hour, with loosened rein,
The love of praise runs riot in each vein ;
When first the Infant feels its mother's arm,
With shielding tenderness enfold its form ;
With smiling lip it greets the approving tone,
The words, unfelt ; the look, is praise alone !
And when its mind first grasps the spoken word,
Its blithe heart carols like a joyous bird ;
"My precious pet," "My blessing," and "My pride,
Yield pleasure more than all she gives beside !

And older grown, beside his Teacher's knee,
Scanning with curious eye, the "A B C ;"

Still urged by praise, he runneth o'er the line,
And makes his own, each cabalistic sign.
The "Tree of knowledge," though it towers so high,
Lifting its branches upward to the sky ;
Yet all must own, its root a rugged thing ;
The A B Cs well learned, the child's a king !

Yet still the Teacher guides him through the maze,
Excites his pride, and plies him well with praise,
By emulation warms his ardent heart,
And gives each dormant power its proper part.

And in the social world, its power we feel —
The approving smile will warm a heart of steel ;
The sympathetic tone — the pleased reply —
The glance of love — the brightening of the eye,
Hath in themselves, a greater power to bless,
Than any, pomp or pageant can express.

And thus our onward course from youth to age,
Is tracked by praise, at every passing stage ;
And not alone in life, its honeyed breath
Mocks, with soft words, the solemnness of death ;
The tomb-stone speaks, in smoothly rounded phrase,
The tale it tells is simply one of praise.

THE OLD GARRET.

MYSTERIOUS garret ! household rubbish room !
Gathering the sweeping of Time's busy broom ;
Thou quaint old chronicler of days gone by,
What curious relics 'mid thy precincts lie !
How oft, a child, I climbed thy creaking stair,
And gazed in wonder on thy pageant rare !
A random leaf torn out from History's page,
A faithful portrait of a former age,
As if " Pandora's box " were emptied here,
How like " Rag-fair " thy furnishings appear !

A saddle without girth, my father once bestrode,
Ere yet the trusty carriage claimed the road ;
A pillion, too, safe buckled on behind it,
Was here " lang syne ; " ah, now, I find it !
Would they could tell their tale ! Perchance they carri
My father and my mother, ere they married,
To meeting, huskings, paring-bees, and quiltings ;
These were our fathers' tournaments and tiltings !
What words of love they heard ; for one is stupid,
Who doth not know such rides were fun for Cupid !
Yet should our beaux and belles adopt the fashion,
How all the world would run to lay the lash on !
And thus we change ; what once was deemed polite,
Our modern pens now scarcely dare to write !

A ricketty old loom, a pair of cards, a reel,
The broken remnants of a spinning-wheel,
Which once were gay with ceaseless click and whirl ;
A household factory for each active girl ;
Whose "*worsted work*" was not by "*counting stitches*"—
She spun and wove her father's coat and breeches !
And made, beside, huge piles of finest linen,
A nine-days' wonder to we modern women,
Who spend our time in music, chat, and rattle,
Or gathering up the village tittle-tattle,
To tell it o'er and o'er, with added glories,
The ready tribute gossip pays such stories !

But let me hasten — many things I view,
Exciting smiles, and calling tears up, too !
Those quaint old portraits, leaning 'gainst the rafter,
Whose queer bedizement excites my laughter,
Are panoramic views, a pictured show
Of men and fashions three-score years ago !
That huge old hat, the bell-crown rising high,
Exciting mirth from every gazer's eye,
Once found its home upon a patriarch's head,
Who resteth now amid the sleeping dead.
Well may I look, with mingled awe and pride,
Upon that sword, which lieth close beside ;
For many historic legends are portrayed,
Written in crimson on its trusty blade ;
When first our fathers battled for the right,
Struggling for freedom from Britannia's might, —
That sword, upheld, within a hero's hand,
Brought joy and freedom to this favored land !

That faded cloak, and poking awkward bonnet,
With wiry bows decked out in clusters on it,
Fulfilled their part amid the grand array,
My mother graced upon her bridal day.
That book-case, quaint and dingy, dark and dusty,
Whose volumes, stained with age, are damp and musty,
Clumsy with carving, wears a *crown* upon it,
What wonder, then, a Freeman's taste should spurn it?

A mass beside of heterogeneous matter,
A china tea-pot and a pewter platter,
A rabbit-pan, bake-kettle, and a skillet,
A dozen pot-hooks laid within, to fill it,
A broken punch bowl, dripping-pan, a ladle,
A pair of snow-shoes, and a headless cradle,
(Which rocked successive, all the girls and boys,
Three generations through, of "hopes and joys;")
Some weird old chairs, rheumatic in the legs,
A bureau mounted high on twisted pegs;
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An old tin kitchen, with skewers made to fit,
A pair of rusty tongs, a bellows, grown asthmatic,
Their service done, find place within the attic !

While in yon corner, see the wondrous pile
Of papers, garnered safely, file on file,
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The packet-sloop *Eliza*, (without fail ;
Provisioned for a week !) from Providence to York !”
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Naming the time the post would leave the town,
Carrying the mail on horseback, up and down !
So little semblance of our age, I trace,
One scarce can deem we came of that rude race.
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Stirred up the sea — how like a “boiling pot !”
No Railroads, with their engines whizzing by,
Outvied in speed the very birds that fly :
But Bridle-paths instead — the only road !
Rider and knapsack, these were Dobbin’s load !
Or else some ship, dependent on the wind,
These two, were all a traveller could find !

Dear, dear Simplicity ! they little thought
To what perfection science could be brought ;
And should they wake in this steam-lightning age,
What breathless wonder would their powers engage ;
Ah, much I fear, their strong good sense would fail them,
They’d drive us all in judgment down to Salem ?

THE MOCKING BIRD.

A MOCKING Bird's building his nest on the tree,
The elm-tree that swings by the side of the gate ;
His labor he lightens with heart-stirring glee,
And trilleth his music, both early and late.

With sweetest dissembling,
His roundelay mingling —
Now full toned and free,
The rich notes are soaring ;
Like the full-sounding sea,
Its billows out-pouring ;
Hark — hark —
'Tis the Lark !

How the full notes aspire !
Ever higher and higher ;
Swells to the skies the soul-stirring strain —
Sweet little Mocking Bird, sing it again !

Dear little Wren, thy songs are repeated,
Swelling to Heaven, how sweetly they rise ;
In strains of pure clearness our love is entreated,
And tears bubble up, from the heart to the eyes.
Soft as an echo,
It trills on the air ;
Like the gift of a blessing,
Or pean of prayer.
Plaintive, yet clear,
The smile and the tear,

Mingle their wealth in the sweet swelling strain,
Sweet little Mocking Bird, sing it again !

Ah ha ! to the Bobolink ! that pert little fellow,
Who chatters his music the merry day through ;
Now shrill as a whistle, now dovelike and mellow,
The soul of true melody dwelleth in you !

Merrily, merrily,
Gusheth the song ;
Cheerily, cheerily,
Rushing along !

Chattering,
Flattering —

Lover-like, fairy-like, list to the strain,
Dear little Mocking Bird, sing it again !

Now 'tis the Wood Dove, so plaintively singing,
Rocking the blossoms that tassel the bough ;
The soft-sighing notes on her rosary stringing,
Like a sweet little Novice repeating her vow.

In the hush of the eve,
It stirreth the air,
Like the heart-gushing plaint,
Of a penitent's prayer !

Mournful and low,
The cadences flow ;

Wind-like, it breatheth the low wailing strain ;
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1

For our hearts are sad as the sair must be,
And our eyes are dim with tears,
For we've lost the darling of our band —
The love-light of our years !
The good are ever the first to die,
Like angels around our hearth ;
Their spirits grow ripe for the bliss of Heaven,
And are soonest lost to Earth.

THE LITTLE SPINNER.

I SAT beside a cottage hearth,
A wheel was standing near ;
A little infant whirled it round,
Then started back in fear.

Methought the mystic wheel of life,
Was whirled by that fair child ;
And fast the ever lengthening cord,
Was on the spindle piled.

At first the thread was smooth and
No spot nor wrinkle there !
For innocence the wheel did turn,
For life's immortal heir.

Sweet Improvisatore — true poet of Nature —
The dear little Mimic, so merry and free;
So comic — so tragic — thou Garrick of players !
Right welcome art thou to a nest on the tree.

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A WEARY while thou'st been away,
A weary, weary while,
I miss the music of thy voice,
And the sunshine of thy smile.
Only in dreams thou com'st to me —
In dreams I hear thee speak;
I feel the kindling of thy glance,
And thy lip upon my cheek !

Spring, with its flower-enamelling,
Hath painted bush and tree ;
And the Hum-bee hangs to the floweret's cell,
And the birds sing glad and free.
But though Spring may smile with its leaves and flow'rs,
And the gay birds blithely sing,
The Autumn that reigns in our stricken hearts,
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Uneven grew the skein,
And passion with its crimson dye,
Began to leave its stain.

And louder yet the spindle whirred,
And quick the wheel flew round,
And fast upon the spool of life,
Her thread, the spinner wound.

She sang a fairy-echo song !
Which maidens love to sing ;
As turned the wheel she little dreamed,
What magic it would bring.

The ever sunny tinge of love,
Entwined its golden hue ;
And sweeter then the maiden sang,
And soft the spindle flew.

A little space of iris dye,
Then dark the colors grew ;
The spinner works with restless hand,
And tears the skein bedew.

The flaws grow thicker, and the rolls
Are broken here and there ;
The skein hath lost its even gloss,
Beneath the touch of care.

The marring knot of self is seen,
And doubt its mildew leaves ;
So oft affliction strains the thread,
The weary spinner grieves.

The last roll trembles in her hand,
When death with ready knife,
Cuts off the band which binds the wheel—
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Two children of one family—
A Sister and a Brother !
So like, that every feature lies
Reflected in the other.

Rocked on the same fond Mother's arm,
Nestled upon her breast ;
Twin roses on one parent-stalk,
Folding themselves to rest !

Hushed by the self-same lullaby,
As it gusheth soft and low,
While the smile that lights the Boy's blue eye,
Shines in the Sister's too.

One cradle holds them as they lie,
In slumber, side by side ;
Hand clasping hand, breath answering breath
Their mother's double pride !

Sweet children ! even as I gaze,
My eye brims up with tears ;
For thought runs on with quickened flow,
Adown the coming years.

Alike their present, but unlike,
Their future life must prove ;
His for the bold endeavor —
Hers for enduring love !

His, on the world's great race-ground,
To strive in the lists of fame ;
Hers, in some still seclusion,
To softly breathe one name.

His, of the worldly mammon,
To gather grain by grain ;
Hers, like a ministering angel,
To stand by the couch of pain.

His, to live in the outer world ;
Hers, in the inner sphere ;
He, to be all we most admire ;
She, what we love most dear !

Bright children, yet a little,
Mingle thy smiles and tears ;
For partings, and unlikeness,
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Go GAZE within that stilly room,
How holy seems the air !
For there upon her bended knee,
The young wife kneels in prayer.
First thought of her o'erflowing heart,
Her husband, far away ;
And ere one blessing for herself,
For him, I hear her pray.

Oh, holy Father, Thou, whose eye,
Pierceth each fond disguise ;
I come to Thee, to Thee, I pray —
Oh, let my prayer arise !
Guard him, oh holy Father, guard !
And wheresoe'er he stray ;
Still hold him fast by Thy strong hand —
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I pray Thee spare him from Thy wrath —
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Guard him, oh holy Father, guard !
And wheresoe'er he stray ;
Still hold him fast by Thy strong hand —
For him — for him I pray !

My Father, if I sin in this,
If he an idol be ;
I pray Thee spare him from Thy wrath —
I sin, then chasten me.

Oh let Thy spirit gently move,
And lead from error's way,
And if he die, oh let him come
To Thee, — for this I pray !

A year agone, and that young wife
Before the altar stood,
And vowed obedience, honor, love,
To him who long had wooed.
Our country's waving stripes and stars,
Did beckon him away ;
And strong in heart, she bade adieu —
For him she yet could pray.

That husband in his country's cause,
Battles in lands afar ;
Go seek him in the pressing van —
The foremost rank of war !
Oh Soldier, thou art doubly armed,
Tracking war's bloody ways ;
A shield is held — the shield of prayer —
Thy wife still lives and prays !

THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

WHAT scene is there doth so arrest the sight,
As a Farmer's fireside on a winter's night !
The ruddy coals are glowing on the hearth,
The fire-stick crackles with a sound of mirth ;

The deepening night shuts out the light of day ;
Upon the wall the creeping shadows play ;
While in one corner, stately, grim and tall,
The high-backed settle leans against the wall.

Above the mantle, neatly looped on high,
The nice pared apples hang festooned to dry ;
Nor is that all, for ranged in bold relief,
Flitches of bacon hang, and bits of beef.

The wise old Tabby, staid and most discreet,
Purrs her contentment at her Mistress' feet ;
While round and round, in friskings fond and gay,
The playful kittens while the hour away.
Before the fire, the sober house-dog lies,
And opes and shuts full oft' his dozy eyes,
And as the flame grows brighter on the hearth,
He finds, forsooth, he has too warm a berth ;
He winks, and blinks, draws in the outstretched leg,
And turns, and burns, yet will not budge a peg !
No dog is he of parentage renowned,
No spaniel, terrier, setter, pointer, hound !
A homespun dog, yclept Trip — a rustic name !
Who doth not know the sound nor scent of game :
A race of dogs, that sportsmen love to slur,
A cross between a bull-dog and a cur.

Good Farmer Joe, his out-door duties o'er,
The cares of day distract his mind no more ;
Draws off his boots, and in his elbow chair,
Of wholesome comfort takes a generous share.

The candles lighted, and the paper found,
His wife and children all sit circling round ;
He reads the news, some new discovered wonder,
Of Payne's new daylight, or of bottled thunder ;
The price of wheat — the last invoice as quoted ;
The bill that passed the Senate, and who voted ;
What cars run off the track, and who were killed —
The thousand items with which life is filled !

With earnest zeal, the good wife darns a stocking,
While with her foot, she keeps the cradle rocking ;
While Jane, the eldest girl, a smart one too,
Knits round and round the never-ending blue ;
And as the purls, so slowly, seem to throng,
She queries why boy's legs should be so long ?

A stretch — a yawn, from good old Farmer Joe,
Proclaims the paper read from top to toe ;
The tray of apples, and the mug of beer,
Next in their order, on the stand appear ;
The ruddy none-such, and the pippin rosy,
Lie "cheek by jowl," affectionate and cozy.
One scarce can tell, they both look so inviting,
Which of the two is preferable for biting !

But hark — the tall clock slowly striketh nine,
Its warning peal acts like a mystic sign ;
The evening's work is neatly laid aside,
The children sit in quiet, side by side ;
A holy calm seems brooding in the air,
The good man reads, then bows his head in prayer.

This is a Farmer's home ! more worth respect,
Than gilded parlors, dazzlingly bedecked :
Lord of his own domain ; no time misspent,
His richest wealth consists in calm content.
Not his, the smirking Frenchman's easy grace ;
Not his, the Fopling's all be-whiskered face ;
Not his, the treacherous Flatterer's smoothing word ;
He claims an honest heart by feeling stirred !
True, sterling worth is his, in simple guise,
The richest treasure loaned us from the skies :
He treads elastic, Virtue's happy way,
He guides the Wanderer, when he runs astray ;
Learns him to love dear Wisdom's better part,
And never trample on a bleeding heart !
Unswerved by factions, and unmoved by fear,
He takes his onward course, year after year ;
His country's interest first, whate'er betide ;
His country's honor, is his dearest pride ;
Though mouthing demagogues may strive for power,
His is a courage danger cannot cower ;
Firm as a rock, whatever may betide,
Our truest hope is in that *Home Fireside* !

T E A R S .

A TEAR ! Oh tell me what are tears ? They speak
In many tongues, yet each heart reads their trace.
The tear of innocence, on childhood weak ;
The tear of anger, washing youth's warm face ;
The tear of love, which burns on woman's cheek ;
The tear of sorrow, wetting manhood's e'en ;
The tear of faith, through which the heart doth speak ;
The penitential tear, with hopeful mein ;
Sympathy's tear, which without sorrow, leaps
Up from the heart because another weeps ;
The soul's own tear, which glistens in the eye,
As the rich sunset brightens o'er the sky,
From the stained windows of the far-off West —
Earth — Heaven — and Hell, in tears are oft confess

It is natural to weep — perfectly natural — spontaneous
The little infant of an hour old, is perfect in this particular
he greets the world with a wailing cry ; and through childhood and youth never gets out of practice.

Some children run to tears as naturally as to bread and butter — they are always crying. Many a one have seen, swinging upon a gate post, of a frosty morning — “ can't find my ball ! ” In the house it is all the same “ You gave Mary the biggest piece of ginger-bread — I did ! Boo, hoo ! ” Now this child is one of the class wearisome snivellers. He has nothing of importance

try for ; and therefore must magnify trifles to find food for tears.

| Then there is another class — the uproarious, angry crier ; where the face reddens, the lungs expand themselves, while a volume of sound as large as the mouth is poured upon our unwilling ears. Down he goes plump upon the floor, and drums a running accompaniment with his heels upon the carpet.

Another, the daring child, who is ever running a tilt with danger. Every wall, hay-stack, must be climbed ; not a nook nor cranny but must be explored, often at the expense of limbs and nose, and great damage to jackets and aprons ! He is too proud to really yield to tears ; if they force themselves into his eye, he defies them to fall, or else tries to cover them.

Besides these, there is a class of " Tribulation Trepids," who are always in trouble. The kitten is sure to scratch them ; there is always a corner to be doubled ; or a pair of stairs to be measured ; every thing has a sharp edge for them to run against ; and they seem to fatten and thrive on tears and tumbles.

The boy, as he approaches manhood, is taught that it is unmanly to weep ; crying is a recreation to be laid aside with his playthings ; and by steady training he overcomes the propensity. When a child, he is tutored to suppress tears. Hear the mother, when her darling catches a fall — "Jump up — never mind it — don't cry — *be a man !*" We never look for tears from a man, except in the presence of some great sorrow. It is a fearful thing to see a strong man weep,

Hard, pattering drops, like winter's flinty hail.

But woman has a different code given to her. Tears are her weapons of offence and defence, and oftentimes win the victory when the sword fails.

Tears are a sort of safety-valve ! All the girls know the meaning of a *good cry* ! They are as good for the inner woman as thorough house clearing is in the spring they blow down the cobwebs, wash away all the foul spots the spirit has collected, smooth the temper, and give new hue to every thing. Prithee, let woman weep — for woman's tears are like the April rain,

Which softly falls between the tear and smile,
E'en while the sun beams bright !

Some people cry as though they were really making business of it. As though, forsooth, their hearts had merely amorphosed themselves into forcing pumps, and their eyes into buckets. With others, it is decidedly hard work ; the tears hang back like cowards. Now, when two or three big drops tremble in the eye, and roll lazily over the cheek it may be vastly sentimental and beautiful ; but when the flood-gates of feeling are lifted, and the tears fall down like rain from a cloud, sentiment is changed to reality ; a reality, too, which is a precursor of red eyes, swelled lips, and often calls loudly for pocket handkerchiefs.

Tears are not always shed outwardly. Those tears are bitterest which fall inwardly on the soul, when the eye is stony and dry. The spirit is oftentimes shaken most when the lip quivers not, and there is no outward manifestation of suffering ; and the step may be strong and unflinching, even though robbed of the elasticity of hope.

Dear reader, all this long tale about tears is only a preface to a story. I have been weeping, and therefore wish to impress upon your mind that tears are not only common, but in the highest degree respectable and proper. A simple song trembling on a child's lips will subdue me. But the cause of these tears — these particular tears! Come away with me; leave the noise and dust of the city — come away! Does not the fresh country air revive you? See! the grass begins to shoot through the dried leaves; and only hear the birds sing! Spring is here; but she has not yet arrayed herself with flowers. Bye and bye the trees will dress themselves, and no longer stand nakedly shivering in the wind. When May comes, we country folks will rejoice!

Come into the house! Hear you not the music? Let us follow whither the sound leads. Tread softly! There is no terror here; nothing to startle; yet death is wrestling with a little child. Is not that little one beautiful, as she lieth there, her red lips parted, and the dark lashes drooping on the white cheek? She wakes — a shade of pain compresses the lip! She speaks — “Sing to me, mother; sing to me!” The mother struggles with her grief, lifting her voice in song; her voice will not obey the call; it breaks — ceases! Again those words — “Sing to me, mother; sing to me!”

And all through the weary days and nights, the voice of song swelled upon the air, soothing the little sufferer amid her fiercest pain. Death draweth still nearer — he is stifling her breath! She speaks once more faintly — “Sing to me, mother! mother, sing!”

Sing to me, mother ; mother, sing !
The little sufferer pleads ;
Again the outward grief is quelled,
Inly, the spirit bleeds.

And the fond mother's breaking heart,
From deepest love grew strong,
And wafted that bright spirit home,
Borne on a tide of song !

POMHAM ROCKS.

THE eye never looked upon a lovelier scene than which blesses my vision. The Providence river, in all beauty, lies before me. Two steamboats are within whiz distance ; a half dozen brigs and schooners, and as n more sail boats, dot its smooth, glassy bosom. It is a Summer morn ; the lazy wind scarce raises a ripple, the shadows of the boats fall quietly over their sides.

Opposite, on the other shore, lies Pawtuxet ; far a in the dim distance, rises Mt. Hope, the home of old I lip ; while Providence, its "houses, steeples piled gether," is seen in the north ; and Greenwich, cluste amid the trees, peeps out in the south.

Could I not be content to stay here for ever ? Oh the b ty, the surpassing beauty of this scene ! How often, w a child, have I played upon these shores ; how often I have bathed my feet upon its pebbly beach,

gathered shells, which to my childish eyes were quite as beautiful as those brought from the far East! Those days are past for ever! Never again can I gaze upon these waters with the same sunny-heartedness — never can I be the careless child of yore! Life hath a deeper meaning — duty, stern duty, presses into the foreground — action takes the place of thought! The world hath grown into a living reality ; I am no longer a child ; I have been out into the world ; have drank of its pleasures ; felt its cares ; writhed under its falsehood ; and now I am here again. The river flows the same ; it lies before me, calm and still, as when I first saw myself glassed upon its surface. The same hard rocks lift their heads to guard its shores ; the shells are as many ; the pebbles are as smooth ! I, I alone am changed ! I went forth with fresh feelings, earnest, hopeful and true ; I return, wiser, but not better ; those fresh feelings have not lost their freshness, dimmed and bartered for “the hollowness, the strife of human crowds.” I could lay my head upon the craggiest rock bounding these shores, and weep in very bitterness ;

For I can never feel again
The joyous gush of youth,
When life appeared a fairy tale,
And human hearts a truth.

There's beauty in the glowing flush,
Which paints a girlish cheek ;
There's beauty in the heart-felt words
Her artless lip doth speak ;

There's beauty in the sunny smile,
That speaks a heart at ease,
Ere yet the world with tainting touch,
Hath trained that lip to please ;

There's beauty in the ringing laugh,
Which echoes on the air,
Before the youthful heart hath felt
The chilling touch of care.

Oh, could my heart but feel again,
One hour those feelings o'er,
Which once I felt, when first I stood,
A child upon this shore,

How gladly would I then exchange
The knowledge years have given,
If once the stars would shine as bright,
As those of childhood's heaven !

Forgive me this sadness ; a tribute to childish feelin
a tribute to the past ! The past, with its leaves close
ten ; how many plague-spots blot its pages ! How n
that even the best of us would fain re-write !

For like a fair and stainless brook
Is childhood's early day ;
And each of us must write a page,
As day by day we stray.

This book of fate, each human heart
Receiveth with its life,
And every minute as it speeds,
With living lines is rife.

Kind acts of love are written there,
And words of high emprise ;
But quaintly mixed with every good,
Some stain of folly lies.

But let each earth-born murmur cease,
The past we can't unwrite ;
But let us strive with care to keep
The future record right !

WOMAN AND HER ADVISERS.

ONE would think that we women were something more than minor considerations in this world of ours, by the time and talents that are expended for our improvement. Every newspaper, pamphlet and magazine is teeming with "Advice to Wives," "Hints to Mothers," "Whispers to Brides," "A Daughter's Duties," "A Sister's Influence," &c., &c.

Would it not be well for some benevolent genius to turn his attention to the sterner sex? Let us, just for variety, have the other side of the picture, held up for the benefit of

the *Masculinity*. Let us have "Advice to Husbands," "Hints to Fathers," and "Whispers to newly made BENE-dicts!"

We are preached to, talked to, written to — here a little, and there a good deal ; we are exhorted to be submissive, sober-minded, patient, long suffering, enduring all things, and forgiving all things ; we are expected to equal Moses in meekness, Job in patience, Solomon in wisdom, David in goodness, and Sampson in strength. We are to meet our husbands with an ever ready smile ; we are to take from their burdens, soothe their troubled spirits ; no matter if our own shoulders are already overladen with our own tasks ; no matter if our spirits are weary, the words cross and dumpish are not allowed in a wife's glossary ; they are the husband's especial prerogative.

If Mr. Surly comes home in the sulks, a fit of the pouts is denied his poor wife. He may kick the dog, box Johnny's ears, and even snap at Mrs. Surly herself ; yet she is expected to keep calm, and pour oil on the troubled waters. If there was a "better" and a "worse" stipulated for in the marriage contract, she must remember that her husband expects to monopolize the *better*, while the *worse* is to fall to her share.

There is Mr. Fairface. Dear reader, I wonder if you have ever seen him ? One of the smoothest, politest, most agreeable men in the world ! Has a smile for everybody ! A travelling streak of sunshine, is Mr. Fairface ! Only see him as he is going home ! How gracefully he bends to this and that fair lady of his acquaintance ! But see him as he nears his own door ! The smile turns to a sneer ; his face lengthens ; blackness gathers upon his brow ; and by

the time he lifts his door-latch you would hardly believe him the same man. Enter the little back parlor. There sits Mrs. Fairface, with a half-dozen *fair faces* around her. Willie wants a new string to his kite ; Sarah's pantellette is off ; Jack is teasing for a knife ; Mary is swinging on the door-knob ; and Minnie, the youngest Fairface, is worrying on her mother's lap, enduring the untold agonies of teeth-cutting.

Poor woman ! Who will say that her task is an easy one ? To curb the headstrong, rouse the stupid, lend courage to the timid ; and blend all these different spirits into universal harmony. Does she not deserve a kind and encouraging word from her husband ? But does she always receive it ? No ! for there are too many men, who, like Mr. Fairface, give their sunshine to the world, and reserve the cloud for their own hearth-stones.

I do not object to the many things that are said and written to have woman learn her duty, and do it. I would have her always gentle and kind ; I would have her honor and respect her husband, if he proves himself worthy that respect ; but I would also have him, appreciate in some degree, the affectionate care which anticipates his wants ; I would have him forbearing and gentle to her.

Be gentle ! for ye little know,
How many trials rise ;
Although to thee, they seem but small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle ! though perchance that lip,
May speak a murmuring tone ;

The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle ! weary hours of pain,
'Tis woman's lot to bear ;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle ! for the noblest hearts,
At times may have some grief,
And even in a pettish tone
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle ! for an unkind word,
May rouse an angry storm ;
That all the after hours of life,
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle ! none are perfect here —
Thou'rt dearer far than life !
Then husband, bear, and still forbear —
Be gentle to thy wife !

Woman's life is made up of petty trials, which are more wearing than heavy sorrows. I acknowledge that too many of the girls of the present day are totally unfit for the responsible stations they are to occupy — those of Wife and Mother. But if a man has rushed heedlessly into matrimony, without examining critically the character of the lady of his choice, to see if she will be a useful, as well as a

companionable wife, then, I say, let him bear patiently with her folly and ignorance.

Woman is just what man makes her. Show her that you admire usefulness more than tinsel ; that you wish for a companion instead of a plaything ; that you esteem beauty of the mind, beyond personal adornment, and take my word for it, she will so educate herself as to be worthy your respect and affection.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

A MERRY Christmas, and a happy New Year ! and in the language of the Orientals let me add, may you live a thousand years and never grow old !

Christmas and New Years ! Ah, they are pleasant seasons ! Pleasant to young and old ; would I could say, to the rich and poor alike pleasant. But what do the poor know about festivity ? Shivering, perchance, over a few coals ; dividing their scanty crusts among their little flocks ; witnessing the famishing eagerness with which the coarse morsels are devoured ; what do they know about a *merry* Christmas ? The year hath crept around, but want, mayhap, hath drawn still closer to their firesides — a constant guest ! Oh, it is

A weary thing to lack for bread,
And wish the day away,

And when the night hath shadowed down,
To long again for day ;

To know the bounteous earth hath stores,
To feed each hungry child,
And yet to see their pittance sparse,
While other boards are piled ;

Blame not the Poor ! a bitterness,
The Rich can never know,
Doth fill to overflowing,
Poverty's cup of woe !

Blame not the Poor ! but nobly thou,
The law of love obey ;
For were we tried like them, we might
Not do as well as they.

No ; there is no merry Christmas for the child of want ;
but God's love is wide and ample ; He looketh in at the
poor man's broken casement, as well as at the rich man's
window. Thank God, Christ died for all !

But the little child ; how happy is he as Christmas approaches ! Little meaning is attached to the day in his mind, except as a day of promise, freighted with an argosy of toys and sugar-plums. See him on Christmas Eve — how blithely he jumps into bed ! but not before the stocking is swinging in the chimney. How eagerly he asks — “Mother, what time do you think old Santa Claus will come ?” I wonder what he will put in ? I hope he will give me a top — a great big one — just like Willie Thomas's ;

one that will buzz! I wish he knew what I wanted! If he comes before you go to bed, mother, will you wake me?"

Bless the little innocents! They will find life an endless chase after playthings. Is it right to deceive children after this manner? Custom sanctions it, but is it right? I can remember the time when I believed I should certainly hear old Santa Claus clattering down the chimney, if I could only keep awake. How intently I listened — bobbing up my head at the slightest noise, until my heavy eyelids could hold their weight no longer, and I slept!

I love little children; their innocent prattle; their mimic manhood; yes, even their naughtiness, interests me! And then they are such original grammarians, and handle words so funnily. "That fire smokes, why don't you *bellows* it?" said little George. Florie, when asked how she hurt her finger, replied, "I *doored* it!" looking at the same time, ruefully at the crack of the door.

Why should we laugh at them? really, their language has a significance to it, which ours has not.

The New Year! Time, with his busy scythe, hath mowed another swath in the harvest of years, and a twelve-month is gathered into the garner of the Past. We turn a new leaf in the page of existence; be it ours to fill it with usefulness.

THE WEATHER.

WHAT a topic ! and yet, how admirably it fills in the niches of conversation ; and this Winter it has been at a premium. Such stuff—as capricious as a lady's will ! Everybody has a cold, and how forlorn they do make one feel ! Just as if a miniature cotton-mill had gone into operation within one's cranium ! Such a click, click—rumble, bumble—buzz, buzz, buzz ! and then the cough ; it is sure to come at the most inconvenient time ; say in church during prayers, when it is still enough to hear a mouse tread ; and when you have actually coughed, what a responding is sure to follow ! Every pair of lungs that has a cough in reserve, is sure to bring it forth ; and you feel like the guilty one ; yes, the sin of the whole, lies in that untimely bark of yours !

All this is the result of the weather, or else it is shamefully scandalized. Who ever confessed that their cold was the result of carelessness ? Oh no—on the contrary, they exclaim—"The weather is so variable, I wonder we are not all sick!" Seriously, the Mercury has been kept pretty busy running up and down ; such changes are enough to crack sensible, well-behaved thermometers ! Sometimes soft and balmy, half cheating us into the belief that it is really Spring ; and the little honey-suckle on the porch, actually unfolded its buds, as though in preparation for a new suit of summer clothes. Poor thing ! Jack Frost soon checked its presumption.

Another day—another night, and we wake to find the

silent snow piling itself about us. Already, the earth is covered — Nature is taking another nap, and has drawn the white sheet smoothly over her. Spring time will awaken her. The little springs will leap out of the earth ; the brooks will break their icy chains ; the warm sun will woo the flowers ; and the grass will cover the earth like a carpet.

Quick — Quick — come to the window with me, and gaze out on the village green ! Oh you children ! Snow pyramids — snow forts ! Miniature heroes, they will be at Chepultapec the next campaign ! Take care, my little fellow, that was a clever mouthful ! Softly, softly, boys, don't snowball the girls !

Oh, happy, happy childhood !
Play, merry-hearted boys ;
Full soon this world will rob you,
Of all your present joys :
Yet still these hours will glimmer,
Athwart your future way,
And manhood oft' remember,
Glad childhood's early day !

Ha ! how the wind whistles round the corner, and sighs in the pines ! Old Boreas is beating reveille, and all the petty pipers are awaking. The tall forest trees bow down before him, and the old stumps doff their white caps as he passes them. How he plays with the snow ; tossing it in his viewless arms ; wreathing it into mimic mountains ; hiding it away in the hollow pines ; and throwing it through the chinks into the poor man's dwelling ! A bold, ill-mannered fellow : he blows the poor mendicant's rags ; whisk

off the wayfarer's hat ; disarranges the dandy's well-brushed locks ; plays amid the maiden's curls, and gives her cheek a deeper red.

But his rage is past. Listen to the rain as it comes drumming against the windows ! See the drops as they chase each other, as if in mad haste adown the pane ; hear them bubble in the spout, and fling out their flood at the corner ! Across the yard, through the drain, they dash away along the road side !

Look out on the Morrow ! The rain has ceased ; it is cold ; the sun is shining brightly ; the rain-drops hang in pendants from the trees ; the grass peeps forth, glistening through the wasted snow, and Nature, all Nature is arrayed in diamonds.

A LETTER TO THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

MR. EDITOR :— I feel in the humor of writing you to-day, not that I have anything particular to utter, either wise or witty — the mere impulse impels me.

There are a great many people who go through life without an object ; living from day to day, just conscious of existence, and that is all. They are clever, well enough people in their way ; they eat their food, dress, walk and sleep without any bustle, any stir. Poor, weary, harmless plodders, who come into the world, and travel on through it, without raising the least dust, and die unquestioning,

because death is the common lot of all. Their happiness is quiescent. There are others to whom rest, quiet is unknown. The blood leaps along their veins ; they must be busy ; life, action, thought, impulse ! On the road of life, no obstacle can daunt them, no danger intimidate. Give them an engine that can take them whirling through the world ; on, on, never mind :—one break down, more or less, cannot matter. Their happiness, their enjoyment consists in action.

There is another class who never enjoy anything. The wind blew northeast, wet and chilly, the hour of their birth, and they go through life with an everlasting storm-wind howling about them. They were born without a star. Everybody has a better fate than they have ; their tree only bears sour apples. The very sunshine to their jaundiced eyes looks sombreish ; the flowers are only weeds ; the stars they estimate like so many brass buttons ; it always rains when they want to go out ; and their path through life is choked by thorns and brambles. They take life negatively — looking at it through “the wrong end of the spy-glass,”

Forgetful that He who sent brambles and thorns,
Made the rose and the violet too !

But to return to myself. We all have a spice of egotism about us. *I*, is a very important personage in our own eyes ; and we often forget, in our self-idolism, that other people are not as much interested in us, as we happen to be ourselves. What does the world care for our individual existence ? If we can entertain or amuse, we are idealized ;

if not, we are voted bores, and are “sent to Coventry” once.

First, let me thank you for that choice “morceau” praise you have given to “Nilla.” You have given credit for being a genuine Yankee. Thanks!

Though not a Brother Jonathan,
I’m a Sister of the line ?

A Yankee, bred and born, my friend,
And proud am I to state,
I grew up in the land of spice —
The famous Nutmeg State !

A right smart set indeed, we are,
We make a sixpence run,
Until a heap of yellow gold,
By skill and tact is won ;
And then we “set up” for ourselves,
Each one on his “own hook,”
And elbow through this bustling world,
By dint of “hook and crook !”

And though our land’s a knotty strip,
Of valley, rock, and hill,
Yet where the Earth “won’t serve our turn,”
Its stones and water will !
We dam the rivers in their course,
And set the wheels in motion,
And send our products round the world,
To each and all a portion.

Tin-ware, Buttons, Pins, and Clocks,
With Cutlery, and Thread ;
On manufactures such as these,
Connecticut drives ahead !

The subject is expansive ; and when I commence glorifying the Yankees, I never know where to stop.

To return to my subject : You have told them my name — the veil has fallen, and I feel myself a weak, timid woman in the presence of strangers — no, no, not *strangers* — I would fain hope, *friends* !

“ What’s in a name ? ” some one has pertinently asked. A very great deal, let me tell you ! Association is all that lends a charm to an unmusical name. Hood says : “ Who would be a Chubb, or a Grub, or a Mug, from choice ? ” Names, christian and surname, should be adapted to each other — wedded by some law of affinity ; not joined together as though there was a distinct independence retained, and either stood ready, upon the slightest provocation, to appeal for a divorce and a separate maintenance. Some names are smooth, liquid, and soft — flowing into each other easily ; others sound pert or harsh, and bear about them a tone of defiance — standing bolt upright, in a pugilistic attitude, as though ever ready for a battle of fisticuffs ! They have a grating, hitching sound when spoken — like a door with a nail in the hinge, they for ever jar upon the ear.

Parents are much to blame in this particular. I have often been present at baptisms when I felt it my duty to protest, in behalf of the unconscious infant, to the name they were hurling at its devoted head. There are faces ugly enough to be prayed for, and I think names also.

Sterne tells us that old Mr. Shandy was behind-hand at his toilet, and poor Tristram was indebted to that accident for his name. I reckon that there are very many accidents cognomens extant. Some grandmother happens to die, some rich old uncle is to be propitiated, or the good wife because her husband's name is Zephaniah, thinks her dearest little *precious*, must be Zephaniah also! I think there ought to be a "Board of Relief" established, for the benefit of the afflicted ones. How many Chloes, Betsey and Deborahs — how many Jobs, Zedediahs, Daniels, and Lemuels, would be cast to the dogs! Parents have *right*, I insist upon it, *no right*, to afflict a child with ungracious a name. To be sure, *they* may have great reverence for old Dame Hetty, or Grandpa Jonas, yet their child knows nothing of this feeling; that only knows that the name it bears about is a remnant of the dark age "I wish to gracious I hadn't had a grandfather!" said the little boy, in a tone of deep feeling. "How so?" "They would have named me something else, instead of Apollos!"

One thing more and I have done. Venturing into the deep sea of Authorship, a flood where so many are lost in the wild whirlpool of disappointment, I have one thing to ask of you and the Journalites. The critics will tell you of my faults. Let them; but let me still retain your *sympathy* — your *protection*! For I feel myself a very woman — coward-hearted and dependent!

Like some poor child out in a storm,
With not a friend to stand 'tween me and harm;
So weary-hearted, sad, and desolate,
A waif blown out on the wide sea of fate,

Where every one can catch the breeze, save I,
Who float on mutely, gazing at the sky,
Glancing around to the far horizon's rim,
Half-way in doubt whether to sink or swim !
But far, far out, at the remotest edge,
The Heavens bend down serenely, as in pledge,
Kissing the Earth. A starry host troop up
The sky, under the young Moon's generalship ;
And then a breath of hope catches the sails,
Until they flap like birds trying their wings ;
The light bark rocks, then leaps, and lifts itself,
Dashing the billows back impatiently ;
I sail on gaily, lighted by the sunshine
Of a great hope !



P A R T S E C O N D.



PAST HOURS.

THE DREAM.

I HAD a vision in my sleep, a vision dark and dread,
Then listen, friends, and hear me tell, what this dark vision
said :

Methought a power, before whose hand, we all are frail and
weak,

Unlocked the mystic gates of thought, and bid my con-
science speak.

Then memory shook her magic bell, and forth at her soft call,
There came at once, a thronging band, I dared not count
them all ;

And as they slowly passed along, methought I heard each
say,

Thou'st murdered me, and me, and me ; and yet the debt
must pay.

Who are ye ? cried my trembling soul, when it could speak
its fear ;

Hence — hence — begone — I know ye not ! then each one
whispered clear ;

Who are we ! who ? thy wasted hours ; the children, we
of time ;
He sends us forth, each follows each, with each swift-speed-
ing chime ;
A daily band of twenty-four, and to ourselves is given,
The labor, and the mission high, to fit the soul for Heaven ;
To garner safe the grain of thought, to rid the heart of
weeds,
To pour the holy oil of love wherever sorrow pleads.

To warn the thoughtless sons of Earth, the drooping spirits
cheer,
To bid the Scoffer pause and think, ere yet grim death is
near ;
We came in kindness unto thee, and would have been thy
friend,
But with a madness born of Earth, thou did'st not choose
attend ;
But chose to make us all thy foes ; gaze at us — well ye
may,
For each of us, ye yet must meet, upon the last great day ;
The ghosts of murdered hours, are we, some died 'mid
pleasure's bowers,
Where happy hearts beguiled hearts, to smother us with
flowers.

Then others spake in vengeful tone, no rosy death had
we,
'Twas folly's poinard struck the blow, though aimed at
vacancy ;

And fire-eyed passion conquered us ; the combat soon was past,

For sixty minutes did we strive, but sank in death at last.
I, died from foul neglect and scorn, and so did I, and I,
We might have been an angel-band, van-couriers to the sky ;
And stood thy friend at His dread court, before whose judgment bar,

Ye yet must stand, and meet us all, alas, in open war !

For swift accusers shall we be, and like a troop of fiends,
Shall doom thy guilty soul to feel, the death that never ends.

Spare — oh spare ! I trembling cried, for through each throbbing vein,
The blood ran chill like freezing ice, and then like fiery rain ;

And at the word they sped away, and then a voice of love,
In softest accents said, repent — there's help for thee above ;
Turn, turn and live ! a bleeding Hand, is now outstretched
to save,

Haste — and accept the proffered boon, that shields thee
from the grave.

'Tis true, thy wasted, murdered hours, will thine accusers be,
But fear ye not, for God will view, thy Saviour on the tree ;
And at the thought, I slowly woke, the night was nearly through,

It was a dream ; but tell me, friends, is not the vision true ?

LET ME HIDE BEHIND THY CROSS.

LET me hide behind Thy Cross,
When the clouds of trial rise ;
When the luring hosts of sin,
Seek to turn me from the skies.

Let me hide behind Thy Cross,
When temptation leads astray ;
When my wayward feet would slide,
From the straight and narrow way.

Let me hide behind Thy Cross,
When the hour of death is near ;
When the stoutest Christian's heart,
Often faints with deepest fear !

Justice stern demands my death,
Thou alone can'st ransom me ;
Eldorado's wealth were vain —
Saviour, to Thy Cross I flee !

By Thy brow enwreathed with thorns,
By Thy bruised and bleeding side,
By Thy world-weight agony,
Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide !

Thou art holy — I, a sinner,
All defiled by earthly dross ;
Clothe me, Lord, with thine own merits —
Let me hide behind Thy Cross !

“NO GOD!”

Look above you to the skies,
There a thousand flashing eyes,
Seem to say —
Child of clay !

Look around you ; lo, the night
Shuts the daylight from your sight ;
Yet a little longer wait,
Day will ope the Eastern gate,
And the glorious sun will rise,
Marching upward through the skies ;
Up the East, and down the West ;
None his footsteps can arrest —
Think — poor dweller of the sod !
Who could form the Sun, but God ?

Look around you ; see the grain
Bending to the burdened plain ;
Lightly tread as on you pass,
Learn a lesson from the grass !
See the cherries, blushing red ;
See the flowers around you spread ;
Who hath formed them all so true,
Given to each its varied hue ?
Scoffer, on each flower you crush,
See the heavenly artist’s brush !

Listen to the babbling brook,
Rippling through this quiet nook ;

Ever with frolic freak,
Kissing the lily's cheek ;
Tumbling,
Rumbling,
Glad and free,
Hasting onward to the sea ;
As it beats against the sod,
Hear it murmur — there's a God !

Gaze upon the flocks and herds ;
Gaze upon the flying birds ;
Listen to the crooning song
Of the myriad insect-throng ;
Every bird that cuts the air,
Every insect swimming there —
All, poor dweller of the sod !
All proclaim their former, God !

Stand upon the ocean's strand ;
Gaze upon the shifting sand ;
See the billows ceaseless chase —
One by one they win the race !
List the breaker's surging roar,
Dashing on the rock-bound shore ;
In the hollow of His hand,
Lie the ocean and the land !

Pause, and turn your eyes within ;
Think of all that you have been ;
Calmly breathing human breath,
Heir at once of life and death !

Think upon the restless mind
Which within you is enshrined ;
Think upon the thrilling power
Of affection's matchless dower ;
Think upon the soul, whose light
Breaks upon the inner sight ;
Can they fade to nought, and be
Lost in dark oblivion's sea ?
No, poor dweller of the sod —
All proclaim there is a God !

“NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.”

NEVER rail at the world, for fond hearts are beating,
If we tear off the veil that our folly hath wove,
And dare to be truthful, dark falsehood retreating,
Will show that this Earth is a garden of love !

Never rail at the world, though the crowd are upbraiding,
Their friendship is nought but a treacherous show ;
But the love of the true is for ever unfading,
Ne'er drawn by the glare of prosperity's glow.

Never rail at the world, it giveth us pleasure,
Such pleasure as never can pall on the taste ;
For nature is ever a store-house of treasure ;
And life if viewed rightly, is never a waste !

Never rail at the world, though the many in blindness,
Are leaving the sweetness, and choosing the gall;
Yet God in the word He hath given in kindness,
Hath treasures of mercy, sufficient for all.

PROVIDENCE.

THERE is an Eye that watcheth us,
Wherever we may be ;
A Hand that kindly guides our steps,
And shapes our destiny.

Some little word, or truthful tone,
Will raise the spirit's veil,
And show us wealth before unknown,
Within its truthful pale.

And we may find true happiness
From sources little kenned ;
And oft' some bitter grief may be,
To us, our kindest friend.

LIFT THE HEART AND BEND THE KNEE."

TRAVELLER, on life's toilsome way,
Canst thou e'er refuse to pray?
Floating on life's changing sea;
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Journeying onward, year by year,
Hast thou no light thy path to cheer?
Canst thou not the godlike see?
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Struggling up life's mountain steeps,
Think of Him who never sleeps—
Ever watching over thee—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Travelling to death's chilly vale,
Doth thy courage never fail?
Do no shadows cover thee?
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Durst thou dare defy thy God?
Thou, a worm, a sinful clod!
Come, e'er yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Come, though sinful, weak and frail,
Mercy's pleadings will not fail;

Though now lost, a Saviour see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Now, in this thy manhood's prime,
In thy life's warm Summer time ;
Come, oh come, I pray of thee,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

THE HIBISCUS,

OR, FLOWER OF AN HOUR.

THOU teachest, frail flower, a deep lesson to me,
Like thee I awake, and I wither like thee ;
My life is as transient, my moment as brief ;
I live but an hour, and then fade as a leaf !

Mortals, immortals,
Like this little flower —
We bud, bloom, and wither,
Our life-time an hour !

Like the foam on the wave, like the dew on the lea.
To-morrow they seek me, but I shall not be ;
Like the sparkles that dance on the goblet we sip,
They are quaffed in a moment, and dry on the lip.

Mortals, immortals,
Like this little flower —
We bud, bloom, and wither,
Our life-time an hour !

e the voice of the echo, the dash of the wave,
live but a moment, the next is our grave ;
rnity gathers our sands in its glass ;
r life is a fire-fly — like shadows we pass !

Mortals, immortals,
Like this little flower —
We bud, bloom, and wither,
Our life-time an hour !

in vain, little flower, is thy lesson to man,
errand is weighty, though simple the plan ;
hour is our span — then we wither and die,
the undying soul, God will raise to the sky.

Mortals, immortals,
Like this little flower —
We bud, bloom, and wither,
Our life-time an hour !

CAUSE THE WAY IS SHORT, WE THANK
THEE, GOD ! ”

r long at the most is our life upon earth,
ough brimming with sorrow, or brimming with mirth ;
ath the turf of the kirk-yard each heart must be prest ;
the sad 'tis a refuge, to the weary a rest !
ew may bend o'er us with passionate weeping,
d hallow the spot where our ashes are sleeping ;

But ere the flowers bloom, for ten circling years,
Their love hath new idols, and spent are their tears ;
The world hurries on without us as well ;
That we lived, loved and died, there is no one to tell :
Yet a little while longer, fond heart, be thou brave,
Thank God that thy pathway is short to the grave !

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

PILGRIM, on life's thorny way,
Can you e'er forget to pray !
Can a sinner, weak and frail,
Beat about by every gale,
Lured by pleasure's syren song,
Drawn by folly's giddy throng,
Treading to an open grave,
Scorn the love which died to save ?
Pilgrim, pause, while yet you may,
Nevermore forget to pray !

Pray, when first the dawning day,
Bids you from your couch away ;
When the bright meridian sun,
Joyeth on his course to run ;
When the brooding wings of night,
Hovering o'er the waning light,

Biddeth man and nature rest,
On her true and peaceful breast ;
Then, when all is calm and still,
Hush to peace each sinful will —
Come, poor pilgrim, while you may,
Bow the knee and humbly pray !

Pray, in dark affliction's hour —
Pray, when blessings on you shower —
Pray, amid life's surging strife,
When the tempest-clouds are rife ;
Pray, when conscience whispers peace,
Do not let your pleadings cease ;
Pray, for strength to conquer sin —
Foes without, and foes within —
Pilgrim, while on earth you stay,
Never cease to watch and pray !

WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

We are growing old together ;
How fast the moments run ;
How swift the sunset falleth ;
How soon the day is done !
What though the sky may darken,
And rough may be the weather ;
Together we will meet the blast —
All growing old together !

We were children once together ;
Together we have played ;
Together wooed the sunshine,
Together sought the shade !
And now at life's meridian,
And scarcely asking whither,
We hand in hand are journeying on—
All growing old together !

We are children of one Father ;
Our heavenly hope the same ;
All looking unto Jesus —
Baptizéd in his name !
And soon within the church-yard,
Our little band will gather,
And we who love so well in life,
Shall sleep in death together !

For the path of our existence,
Through the same pathway lies ;
All travelling downward to the grave,
And upward to the skies !
Within those realms of brightness,
Permit us, Lord, to gather ;
And there, a re-united band,
To praise thy name for ever !

MOURN NOT FOR THE PAST.

MOURN not for the past, which hath left us,
Though bright were the days that are fled ;
Though time hath of pleasures bereft us,
And our hearts most sorely have bled.

The joys of our childhood, have vanished !
The hopes of our youth, they have fled !
Some dear ones are far from us banished,
And some sleep the sleep of the dead !

Love's sunshine hath deepened to shading,
Its brightness at noon-tide is o'er ;
All its songs into echoes are fading,
And cannot enrapture us more.

Sigh not for the past ; for the present,
Hath duties for us to perform ;
If the Sun in our hearts be but pleasant,
We never need quail at the storm !

Let duty be watchword and motto —
Let action be prompt to the hour ;
Discontent will remove to her grotto,
And evil be robbed of its power !

If conscience but sanctions our doings,
If hope lends her ray for our guide ;
Dark care with its troublesome brewings,
Will retreat like the fast-ebbing tide.

Mourn not for the past, though its treasures
Were bright as the richest of gems ;
The future will bring us its pleasures,
And contentment lend brightness to them.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

All ha, I'm a King ! for the high and the low ;
All ages and every condition,
Must bend to my sway, at my sceptre must bow,
From peasant to lordly patrician !

I smile on the Infant, and breathe in its breath,
And silence the heart's busy beating ;
So pure, it ne'er shrinks at the vision of death,
Nor faints at the sound of my greeting !

I look on the Child, with its sweet winning ways,
And footsteps so gleesome and dancing ;
I call him away from his sunshiny play,
With a gleam from mine eye's chilly glancing.

I pause by the Maiden, the bloom on her cheek,
Life's fountain is freshly supplying ;
I throw in my frost, and the color grows weak,
And fades like the rose that is dying.

I gaze on the Mother, a tear fills her eye,
Her children around her are smiling ;
I tear her away, for she too must die,
Her heart must forget their beguiling.

I clasp the strong Man with my cold clammy hand,
The bounding pulse quickens its beating ;
I still every throe by my icy command,
For none can escape my defeating.

I scoff at the Proud, and their greatness deride ;
My sentence can have no appealing ;
I strip from their hearts the thick mantle of pride,
The poor naked folly revealing.

I laugh at the Miser, he heaps up his gold,
And gloats o'er his ill-gotten treasure ;
The worm is preparing a shroud dark and cold,
And God meteth measure for measure.

The Statesman, who strives to win honor and praise,
I point to the grave of ambition ;
And e'en though he win the world's coveted bays,
Yet I must fulfil my commission.

I shout to the Gay : there's a cloud overhead,
Shall burst in a tempest of sorrow ;
And hearts beating warm shall lie cold with the dead,
And eyes know no waking to-morrow !

I visit the Field where the nodding plumes wave,
And weapons with life-blood are reeking ;
I play 'mid the ranks of the gallant and brave,
New victims each moment bespeaking.

I feast, when the Plague with its rage sweepeth by,
And thousands of victims are falling ;
The worn sunken cheek, and the famine bright eye,
Are beauties all others forestalling.

Ah ha, I'm a King ! for the high and the low ;
All ages and every condition,
Must bend to my sway, at my sceptre must bow,
From peasant to lordly patrician.

BEAR UP.

BEAR up, though misfortune and sorrow oppress thee,
And hope, like the sun-light at even hath fled ;
Yet boldly encounter and grapple with trial ;
Bear up, with stout heart, there's a God overhead !

Bear up, though the storm gathers blackness about thee,
The hour that is darkest is just before day ;
The God of the night, is God also of sunshine,
His presence shall drive all thy darkness away !

Bear up, though thy spirit is weary of striving,
 Take faith for thy buckler, as onward ye tread ;
Though to-day bringeth sorrow, hope for sunshine to-morrow,
 Bear up, with stout heart, there's a God overhead !

Though love prove a shadow, and friendship a falsehood,
 The warm glow of childhood, with manhood be fled ;
Though earth may deceive thee, and loved ones may grieve
 thee,
 Bear up, with stout heart, there's a God overhead !

Should pain steal thy roses, and rob thee of vigor,
 And death with cold hand lead thee down to the dead ;
Though dark be the valley, one star yet illumines —
 Look aloft through the gloom, there's a God overhead !

IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST.

THOUGH thy present look dark,
 And thy future all gloom,
Be cheered by the hope,
 There are bright days to come.
Though by trouble assailed,
 And affliction oppress,
Take this for thy motto —
 It is all for the best !

Though the dark shafts of slander,
 Against thee are hurled ;
Though forsaken by friends,
 And misused by the world ;
Still nought shall o'ercome
 The resolute breast,
Which hath for its motto —
 It is all for the best !

Then never despair,
 Although dark be thy lot ;
Remember in heaven
 Thou art not forgot ;
Though God by chastisement,
 Hath often distrest ;
Be sure its in kindness,
 And all for the best !

A PORTRAIT.

She dwells not with the lordly great, within a stately hall ;
No pomp attends her in her home, no menials wait her
call —
She wins her sleep by honest toil, she turns not night to
day ;
No glittering mirrors shine on her, bedecked in grand array.

She has no gold, yet wealth is hers, above, beyond compare ;
Such wealth as outweighs all the gold, the pearls and diamonds rare ;
The eye to see this pleasant world, its hills and valleys green,
Its rich dark woods, in Autumn-time, decked out in dazzling sheen ;
Its brooks, its mountains, and its lakes, and in the quiet even,
The glittering stars which smile on us — the shining eyes of Heaven !

No gold — and yet a truer wealth she numbers as her gain,
The bounding health which lends a warmth, to each full-throbbing vein ;
The heart to share a neighbor's joy, or feel a neighbor's need ;
A willing hand which heeds the call, wherever sufferings plead ;

The earnest zeal for doing good, the courage bold and true,
Which dares denounce a wicked act, whoe'er that act may do ;
Who shrinks not, though the scoffing laugh, may echo in her ear ;
Convinced that duty points the way, she knows no coward fear.

No gold is hers, and yet her hand, grown cunning in its
skill,

Her raiment and her food supplies, obedient to her will ;
And not for self alone she strives, however small her
share,

A generous impulse prompts her hand, a “Widow’s mite”
to spare ;

Assured that He, who in the wild, the hungry ravens fed,
Will not forsake her in her need, but give her dail
bread.

And though the world may count her poor, and one of low
descent,

She claimeth on her title-deed, the riches of content :

A faith which trusts in God alway, and looks to heaven for
rest,

And strives by prayerful care to keep a clean heart in the
breast ;

A faith which points beyond the grave, which counts the
world but loss,

So she may reach that better home, Christ purchased by His
Cross.

She bears no envy to the rich, no malice to the great,
Who dwell within their “Marble halls,” in solemn pomp
and state ;

A nobler wealth, a richer crest, upon her arms appear,
A soul attuned to sunny thoughts, whose summer lasts the
year.

“GOD DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.”

God doeth all things well, though clouds may rise,
And shut the Morning's brightness from our eyes ;
Although the hopes which warmed us once depart,
And nought remain save solitude of heart —
A sea of tears — a path of thorns to tread ;
While hope grown weary, weeps among the dead ;
Yet still, oh man, despair and doubt repel —
One reigns in Heaven, who doeth all things well !

What though the world and worldlings darkly frown,
Though prosperous power may strive to hold us down ;
Though mountains rise to check our onward way,
Though night may darken, even while 'tis day ;
And those we love, who have the power to grieve us,
While in this strait, like Judas, turn and leave us ;
Yet still, oh man, each murmuring thought repel —
One reigns in Heaven, who doeth all things well !

His Eye o'erlooks the pathway where we stray,
His hand upholds us on life's venturous way ;
And though our feet grow foot-sore on the road,
And courage faints beneath life's heavy load ;
Though death awaits to wrap us in its shroud,
Yet still like sunlight glancing through a cloud,
Our faith grows bright, each fear and doubt to quell,
One reigns in Heaven, who doeth all things well !

I STAND BESIDE THY GRAVE, FATH

I stand beside thy grave, Father,
The grass begins to wave,
For years have passed since thou wert laid,
Within the opening grave ;
My heart is full of grief, Father,
Mine eye is full of tears ;
For memory scans the teeming past,
To e'en my early years.

I'm thinking of the time, Father,
When Nature gaily smiled,
I played around thee on the lawn,
A merry-hearted child !
Thou wert indulgent, and most fond,
And ne'er a boon denied ;
And though I gave thee pettish words,
In kindness aye, replied.

I mind me also of the time,
When length of days and pain,
Brought paleness to thy cheek, Father,
And coldness to each vein :
'Twas the winter-time of life, Father,
The frost of eighty years,
Brought snow upon thy veteran head,
And dullness to thine ears.

That night — that last, last night, Father,
I watched beside thy bed,
When the loving eye forgot its glance,
And I knew that thou wert dead !
Yes, death had claimed thee, else thine ear,
Would have heard the piercing cry
My heart sent up, when first it learned,
Dear Father, thou couldst die !

They robed thee in the cerements,
The vesture of the tomb ;
And left me as the dead-watch, Father,
Within that darkened room ;
How placid was thy face, Father,
The lip it almost smiled ;
And as I gazed with aching heart,
It seemed to bless thy child !

'Twas a warm mid-summer's day, Father,
When we bore thee to thy rest,
And laid the green turf lightly o'er,
In an arch above thy breast.
But though the Sun shone warm, Father,
There was coldness in my heart,
For I felt how drear a thing was life,
When called with thee to part.

Five years have sped their round, Father,
My feet have widely strayed,
To where the red man found his home,
In the western forest's shade ;

In blessings, I am blest, Father,
Yet now, once more I come,
To stand beside thy grave, Father,
And feel that that is *home*.

And may the God who deigns, Father,
To hear the Orphan's prayer,
Still hedge my path with loving friends,
And guard me from each snare :
And when this Earth to me is o'er,
And life be laid aside.
May they lay me down to sleep, Father,
The death-sleep by thy side !

DEATH.

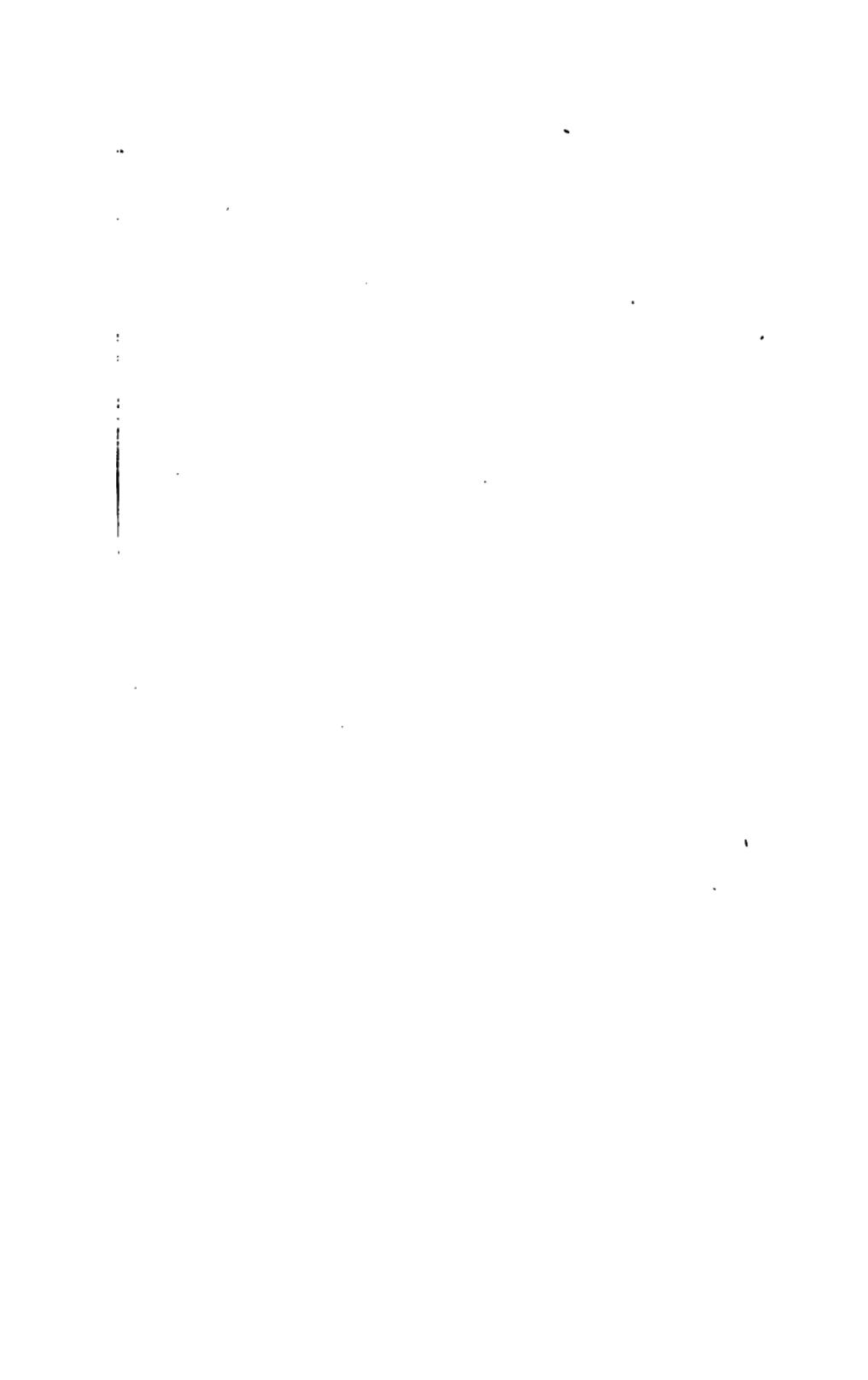
In the presence of deep affliction, when we feel that the strong hand of God hath smitten us ; words, even words of sympathy, are impotent to heal the wounds of the bruised spirit. We long to be left to ourselves — to the mute dumbness of sorrow — the sad luxury of woe !

Death, stern Tyrant ! To whose sceptre the monarch on his throne, and the meanest vassal that crouches at his feet, must alike bow down ; thou, indeed, art no respecter of persons ! Young and old, high and low, must bend to thy mandate ; from the unborn infant, to the white-haired head of age, all, feel and own thy power ! Thou lookest at the

child at play, and straightway he turns like a weary thing to rest among the flowers. Thou, with thy cold eye, winketh coldly at glowing youth, and the school-boy turns from his books to obey thy summons. Thou pausest at the door of manhood, and running over the leger of life, receiptest the account, and the strong man is seen no more. Even the magic name of Mother, is no protection from thy shafts ; beckoning her away with thy fatal finger, she is gone ! Thou callest to the old man, to tell him he is not forgotten, and straightway he tumbles to his long home. Through thy domains we must all pass to the unchanging realities of eternity. We may cover thee with the flowers of poetry ; we may surround thee with the halo of glory ; yet still thy summons is a fearful one. Grim King ! Monarch of the realms of silence ! Is there no passport through thy dark valley ? Yes, thank God, there is ! It is the “unction of a good conscience ;” for though temptations may annoy, and afflictions may wound, yet “in a good conscience alone there is no sting !” None but a Christian can look calmly in the stern face of death. Let us, then, by faith, cling to the nail-printed hand of Christ, and unshrinkingly walk with Death to the dread unknown, remembering that our Saviour hath trod the dark valley before us, and even Death is subject to His will !



P A R T T H I R D .



KRISS KRINGLE'S CHRISTMAS BOOK.

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

OLD Santa Claus sat all alone in his den,
With his leg crossed over his knee ;
While a comical look peeped out at his eyes,
For a funny old fellow is he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig it was all awry ;
But he sat and mused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy could be,
In filling his pack with toys ;
He had gathered his nuts, and baked his pies,
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls, and whips for the boys,
With wheel-barrows, horses, and drays ;
And bureaus and trunks for Dolly's new clothes ;
All these in his pack he displays.

Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plentiful store ;
While raisins and figs, and prunes and grapes,
Hung up on a peg by the door.

I am almost ready, quoth he, quoth he,
And Christmas is almost here ;
But one thing more — I must write them a book,
And give to each one this year.

So he clapped his specs on his little round nose,
And seizing the stump of a pen,
He wrote more lines in one little hour,
Than you ever could read in ten.

He told them stories all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rhyme ;
Then packed them away with his box of toys,
To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas Eve, when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew ;
And stretching the stocking-leg out at the top,
He clapped in a book for you.

MY NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

COME gather round me, darling ones, ye children great and small ;
And let me count you as ye stand, and name ye, one and all ;
First — Edward ; taller e'en than I ; next Julia, darling girl !
Whose dark locks, falling, robe her form, with many a clustering curl :
Then Willie, with his twinkling eyes, with mischief running o'er,
Who asks more questions in an hour, than can be solved in four ;
And Libby, with her quiet ways, and low voice's lisping tone ;
With precious little Fred ; the pet, I claim as all my own.

And next in order cometh George, so manly, grave, and wise,
'Twould almost seem, a thoughtful man, was robed in childish guise :
Beside him standeth little Ned, with bold, determined air,
Whose dark eyes flash with haughty pride, such as the daring bear.
And one, a darling one, is lost, the sister of these boys,
Who should have stood between the two, as centre of their joys.
She was a babe of beauty rare, the little one that's dead,
Whose sunny ringlets circled her — a halo round her head !

We had her but a few short months, and then she pined
away ;
And a strange light kindled in her eye, like the Sun a
parting day :
God took her to Himself, and we, although our grief wa
wild,
Remembered God had taken her, to be an angel-child.

Our Lucy, child of tear and smile, is climbing on m
chair,
And now her lip is on my cheek, and now a kiss is there :
And on my lap I hold a babe, a wee thing — very small !
Who just begins to laugh and coo, and hath no name at al

A blessing on ye, darling ones, ye little ones of Earth !
May God look down with kindest love, and guard ou
household-hearth ;
And often in affection deep, may loving words be spoken,
And through the gathering years, still be, our household
band unbroken.

ANEMONES AND VIOLETS.

ANEMONES and Violets,
Children of the Spring !
Thank you for the pretty flowers —
Nature's offering !

Violets — Anemones —
Bursting into birth ;
Nature's painted playthings —
The pretty things of Earth !

Blooming in the woodlands,
Underneath the trees ;
Little meek-eyed violets,
Pale Anemones !

Clustering by the brook-side,
Clustering in the glen,
Nature hides her dearest flowers,
Far away from men ;

Robes herself in velvet,
Jewelled like an Earl's !
Violets — Anemones —
Amethysts and Pearls !

Violets — Anemones —
Children of the Spring !
Thank you for the pretty flowers —
Nature's offering !

THE CHILD AND THE BROOK.

“ WHERE did you come from ? say, pretty brook !
And whither away so fast ? ”

Asked a thoughtful child of a babbling brook,
As it leaped in gladness past.

“ Ah ha, little girl ! my mother spring,
Is up on the mountain-side ;
I leaped from her lap like a truant boy,
And down through the hills I glide.

“ But what is your hurry ? please tarry awhile,
Just up in this flowery nook,
Where violets cluster, blue as the skies ! ”
“ I can’t ” — says the hurrying brook !

“ Fie, fie, naughty brook ! just linger, I pray,
And chat a few moments with me ! ”
“ I can’t, little girl, I’m quite out of breath,
In running to reach the sea.”

“ But what is the song, you sing, pretty brook !
You sing so pretty and sweet ? ”
“ The song, little girl, is the holiday song,
Of the pebbles beneath my feet.”

“ No one will miss you, I’m sure, pretty brook !
There is nothing for you to do ? ”
“ Nothing for me ? ha ha, little girl !
There is more for me, than you.”

“ The flowers are drooping down in the glen,
And long to see me appear ;
They hang their heads on their withering stalks,
While I am loitering here.

“ And I turn the mill, at the foot of the hill,
Brimful of frolic and glee !
Then how can I stay ? I must hurry away,
For the Miller is waiting for me.

“ Good-bye, little girl, I have tarried too long,
To chat with a child like you ;
While I run to the sea, full of frolic and glee,
You see I have something to do ! ”

“ LOVE THY MOTHER, LITTLE ONE ! ”

WHEN thy feeble infant wailing,
Trembled first upon the air,
Then thy mother’s heart was gushing,
Full of gratitude and prayer.
By the tears her cheek o’erflowing,
As she scanned thy little face ;
By the prayers her lips were breathing ;
By her welcoming embrace —
Love thy mother, little one !

In her arms thy form was folded,
 And thy lip her bosom prest ;
 Gentle were the songs she sang thee,
 As she rocked thee on her breast :
 By the kiss which wet thy forehead,
 As she laid thee in thy bed ;
 By the lullaby she murmured,
 As the pillow met thy head —
 Love thy mother, little one !

First, she told the magic stories,
 Which enchain'd thy wondering ear ;
 Patient, oft her lip repeated,
 What her darling loved to hear ;
 When thy toddling feet were trembling,
 Firmly by thy hand she led ;
 By her ever ceaseless watching ;
 By the love thy path o'erspread —
 Love thy mother, little one !

All thy path her prayers encircle,
 Full of hope and full of fears ;
 Like the concave arching o'er thee,
 Are thy mother's prayers and tears.
 Other friends may fawn or falter,
 Other friends perchance forget ;
 Thou hast one, can know no changing,
 If thy mother liveth yet —
 Love thy mother, little one !

LITTLE GEORGE'S APPEAL.

“ How I wish I could go to Heaven, Mamma,
And live where the Angels are ;

It is such a bright and beautiful place ;
Do tell me about it, Mamma ?

And how do they get to Heaven, Mamma,
Away up through the sky ?

The birds go there — do they not, Mamma ?
For you know the birds can fly.

“ Oh, I wish that I was a bird, Mamma,
For then I would go there too ;

And you would come, and Ellen, Mamma,
Say, Mother, now wouldn’t you ?

And God, how is it He looks, Mamma,
And how are the Angels drest ?

Do they wear such clothes as I, Mamma,
Or like Papa, and the rest ? ”

“ You remember cousin Annette, my child,
How she used to laugh and play ;
And would give you apples, and nuts and toys —
Well, little Ann died in May.

You remember how white was her cheek, my child ;
You kisscd her, and felt how chill ;
And her hands were crossed on her silent breast,
And her prattling lip was still.

“ And they dressed cousin Ann in a little white shroud,
And folded it over her breast,
And one pretty rose-bud, so pure and white,
In her little dead hand was prest.
And then in a coffin all narrow and dark,
Our dear little Ann was hid ;
For the Sexton he stood at the coffin’s head,
And screwed down the coffin-lid.

“ And they carried her out to the green grave-yard,
And buried her out of our sight ;
And we never shall see little Ann any more,
Until death shall re-unite.
But she lives in that Heaven so bright, my boy,
Which you are asking to see,
With God and the Angels, and good little boys,
As happy as happy can be.

“ And no one can go to Heaven, my child,
Or soar through the arching sky,
Until thy die, like dear little Ann,
And cold in the grave-yard lie.
God is a spirit, and none, my child,
His form ever yet have seen ;
And the Angels, the Bible tells us, George,
Have dazzling robes and sheen.

“ But if my George will try to be good,
And live as good children do,
When he dies, he will go to that Heaven above,
And see God, and the Angels too ;

And God will give him a shining dress,
Just such as the Angels wear ; ”
“ Will He, Mamma, say, when shall I die ?
Oh, how I wish I was there ! ”

NO LIGHT.

ANOTHER weary night is past,
Uplift the window now,
And let the cooling breath of morn,
Refresh that fevered brow.
A mother bendeth o'er the bed —
The bedside of her boy ;
The richest blessing God hath loaned —
Her light — her life — her joy !
Long weeks within that darkened room,
Beside her stricken child,
That mother's kept unwearied watch,
And half his pain beguiled ;
For o'er the brightly beaming eyes,
A bandage full and tight,
Shuts out the glorious sunshine,
And maketh daylight, night.
And ever as the restless boy,
Is tossing to and fro,
He breathes into his mother's ear,
In moanings soft and low :

“ Dear mother, take me in your arms ;
 Oh, let me feel you near ;
For when your breath is on my brow,
 I know that you are here.
I tire of this dark, silent room ;
 I’m weary and in pain ;
Do tell me, dearest mother mine,
 When shall I see again ?
I well remember how the Sun
 Came glancing o’er the hill ;
He dried the dew upon the grass,
 The flowers grew brighter still,
Beneath the kindling of his eye,
 And lifting up their heads,
He kissed the dew-drops all away,
 Shining upon their beds.
The chestnut tree upon the lawn,
 Beneath whose cooling shade,
In each swift-speeding year of life,
 A merry child I played ;
And when the frosts of Autumn came,
 The nuts came dropping out,
Then from their burrs I gathered them,
 And hasted with a shout,
To throw them on your lap, mother,
 And oh, what real bliss !
You praised me for my diligence,
 And paid me with a kiss.
Mother, you will be honest now,
 Oh tell me, is it true ?
Shall I never see that old tree more,
 Or gather nuts for you ? ”

“ My child, we trust that God will bless
The efforts we have made ;
We hope that you will see again,
The sunlight and the shade :
This very day, the Surgeon takes
The bandage from your eyes ;
And you must very quiet be,
Nor let vain hopes arise :
He hath done all that mortal can,
The daylight to restore ;
And if this day you cannot see,
You will not know light more.”

“ Dear mother, I am very still !
When will the Doctor come ?
I long to see your face, mother,
And the dear things of home.
Hark ! I hear him on the lawn —
His step upon the stair !
One moment, mother, let us both
Look up to God in prayer.

“ My child, you must not tremble so ;
Oh, still that throbbing heart !
Perchance our hopes are all in vain —
My dear one, do not start !
Be firmer than your mother, boy,
Be very calm and brave ;
Remember, it is God alone,
Who hath the power to save.”

“ Yes, mother, I will braver be,
Than e'en the heroes bold,
We read of in the history,
Who lived in times of old ;
I'll still my very heart, mother,
And if 'tis God's command,
That I shall never see again,
I'll bow beneath His hand.”

They took the bandage from his eyes,
Those brilliant orbs of sight ;
One piercing cry escaped his lips —
Oh God ! there is *No Light* !
My mother, oh my mother, dear,
Our hopes are all in vain !
'Tis bitter darkness all, mother,
I shall not see again !

The mother, while her stricken heart,
Is bleeding in despair ;
Sinks deep in woe, and wildly cries,
Oh God, in mercy spare !
Take all — take every cherished thing,
My dearest earthly toy ;
Yet do not doom to living night,
My bright and happy boy !
My Father, holy Father, hear !
If all things bright and fair,
No more shall shed their light for him,
Then give him strength to bear.

The child is rising on his arm,
 He hears his mother's moan,
And softly from his bed he creeps—
 His arms are round her thrown :
“ Dear mother, you are with me yet ;
 This world is not all dark !
I *feel* your lip upon my cheek,
 And listen, mother — hark !
It is the warbled song of birds ;
 Their morning song of praise ;
I still can *hear* them sweetly sing —
 I listen to their lays !
Although I cannot see their hue,
 The flowers their *perfume* give ;
And seem like Angels whispering good,
 And bid me joy to live :
The strengthening food your hand prepares,
 Doth yield its richest *taste* ;
And since my God hath blessed me thus,
 My life I will not waste
In murmurs for the sight, which He,
 In sovereign right denies ;
I'll bless Him for the blessings left,
 Though blindness veils my eyes.
Now give me one good kiss, mother,
 I'm happy, though I'm blind ;
Though everything is dark, mother,
 I will not, will not mind ;
I'll cling to your dear hand, mother,
 And I shall love you more,

Far more than you can think, mother,
I ever loved before."

Oh, were not these high words, which fell
From that poor sightless child ?
More nobly brave, than hero bold,
Who hears the war-shout wild ;
He bows in meekness to the blow,
This blow his God hath given ;
Oh, angel boy, of such as thee,
Of such as thee, is Heaven !

ELLA GRAY.

A WINNING child, whose tender eyes,
Looked up in mine in glad surprise ;
While round my neck her arms were thrown,
Her red lip laid beside my own ;
She whispered in my bended ear,
In tones so musically clear —
“ I know why I love you, lady,
You look like my mamma ! ”

And closer yet she clasped my side,
As though the world held nought beside ;
And tears brimmed up within her eyes,
Her voice grew tremulous with sighs,

While words leaped out without prepare,
Yet still the burden of them are — ;
“ I know why I love you, lady,
You look like my mamma ! ”

I pressed my hand upon her head,
And mutely asked a blessing shed.
“ What is your story ? Darling, tell ! ”
Yet still those words her lip o’ersell ;
As though the heart out-poured itself,
And these were all her childish wealth —
“ I know why I love you, lady,
You look like my mamma ! ”

I strove to wile her from her tears,
For she was all too young in years
To know a grief. “ What is your name ?
And who’s mamma ? my little dame ! ”

“ Lady, my name is Ella Gray ;
Mamma and Pa are gone away ;
Mamma to Heaven ; and my Papa,
Has gone a soldier to the war ;
And little Willie and myself,
Grandmother calls her only wealth !
Sometimes, dear lady, when I cry,
She tells us both, that by and by,
If we are good, and don’t complain,
That we shall see mamma again ;
And by her side for ever stay,
And she will never go away ;

Do tell me, lady, is it so ?
When will they, will they, let me go ? ”

“ But Ella, think ! there’s *only* you ;
And what will little Willie do ? ”

A puzzled look o’erspread her face,
Yet in a moment left no trace.

“ Willie ! Dear lady, in the sky
There will be room for him and I ;
And my mamma will be so glad,
To see him such a sonsie lad ;
Her arms are plenty wide enough,
I’m sure, to wrap around us both !
Then tell me, dearest lady, do !
When will they, will they, let us go ? ”

Thrice three-score Suns had rose and set,
Still Ella’s eyes with tears were wet,
Her mother was remembered yet.
But God, who hears the orphan’s prayer,
And owns the little ones, His care,
Was pleased to send His servant, Death,
To breathe the lethean in her breath.

A servant with a message came,
The little Ella breathed my name ;
I flew to soothe the dying child,
But she it was, my grief beguiled ;
For opening wide her clear blue eyes,
And glancing upward to the skies,

Without a shade of pain or fear,
She whispered softly in my ear —
“ I’m going home — I’m going home !
Mamma — Mamma ! I come — I come ! ”

I come — I come ! The parting breath
Sobbed through the lips, then stilled in death.
I held the casket in my arms,
But conqueror over death’s alarms,
The spirit freed from stain or blight,
Sprang upward to the realms of light ;
And whispering soft, I come — I come,
In purer air had found its home !

MY FATHER’S LEGACY.

You ask me why my images,
Are borrowed from the sea ;
To you, it is a riddle deep,
But I can read it thee.

My heart resents a sailor’s wrongs,
Whatever they may be ;
For my cradle was a sailor’s arms —
My rocking-horse, his knee !

And oft I heard with charmèd ear,
 Of wonders on the deep ;
Of the breaker's roar, the wave's soft dash,
 Which soothe the sailor's sleep ;

He told me that the Sun glanced bright,
 And flung a shining shield,
Where they ploughed the furrows of the deep,
 Athwart the ocean-field.

And when the gentle, cheering wind,
 Slept in its ocean cave,
His ship would lie, a sleeping swan,
 Upon the glassy wave ;

And then with many oft-told tales,
 The sailors spent the day ;
And dreamed of absent friends and home —
 Those treasures far away !

He told me of the sailor's speed,
 When rose the threatening gale ;
Like airy phantoms of the storm,
 They sprang from sail to sail ;

And scudding on before the blast,
 They braved the angry storm ;
While the wind piped shrill, and the lightning playe
 In every fearful form :

The sky above looked black as night,
And dark the waves below;
The thunder roared, the lightning's flash
Showed breaker-crests like snow.

Then pressing every thread of sail,
They left a foam-lit track;
While mountain billows followed fast,
Like demons at their back.

He told me, when death's arrow came,
And slew some seamen brave,
The sailors mourned a messmate's fate,
And ocean gave a grave.

No coffin cold encircled him;
A winding sheet had he;
They hung a weight beneath his feet,
And launched him to the sea!

He told me of the sailor's joy,
When port was safely neared;
When land looked bright to those who roamed,
And home at last appeared.

Then do you wonder that my song,
Is breathing of the sea?
My father stamped it on my soul—
It is his Legacy!

THE FROST.

“ My Annie, why weeping ? come hither to me,
A moment agone you were dancing with glee ;
What aileth my darling ? and why comes the tear ?
I have kissed off a dozen, but others appear.”

“ Oh mother, dear mother, do come to my bed,
My dear little rose cannot lift up its head ;
And look at my daisies, all drooping, close by—
My mother, dear mother, how came they to die ? ”

“ My child, look around you — how white is the grass !
We mark it with foot-prints as o'er it we pass,
'Tis the frost, little Ann, the frost of last night ;
It hath touched every flower with its withering blight ! ”

“ And what made the frost kill the dear little flowers ?
They never were naughty ; they loved the cool showers !
They are dead ! my mother, say what shall I do
For roses and daisies, for nosegays for you ? ”

“ It was God sent the frost ! it will wither each blow,
And kill every leaflet ; and then the white snow
Will cover them over, and there they will lie,
Until Winter is past, and the Spring-time is nigh.

“ The snow will then melt, and the soft-falling rain,
And the warm wooing Sun will awake them again ;

Their bark will turn green, and each leaf will unfold,
The buds too will swell, as they have done of old ;

“ Again on the air, their perfume will rise,
The incense, the flowers offer up to the skies, —
Now learn, dear, a lesson ; we fade like the leaf ;
Our life is as fleeting, our moments as brief.

“ The bud, is our childhood ; our youth, the full blow ;
Maturing in beauty as older we grow ;
Grim death is the frost, at one glance from his eye,
We must leave this bright world, and wither and die.

“ Our frames, like the leaves, must descend to the Earth ;
Our souls will arise to the heavenly birth ;
Though we slumber, and crumble, and mingle with dust,
Yet still in the promise of God will we trust ;

“ For we shall revive, like the flower of the Spring ;
Since Christ hath robbed death of its deadliest sting ;
Remember, my child, though we fade like the flower,
O'er the life of the soul, gloomy death hath no power.”

I AM COLD.

ABOVE her poor boy's bedside,
A stricken mother weeps ;
She bends in anguish o'er him,
To watch him as he sleeps.
Dropping a tear unwitting ;
He starts — that boy once bold ;
“ Say, is this you, my mother ?
Dear mother, I am cold !

“ Oh mother, I am aching,
Do take me to your heart ;
I cannot keep from crying,
The tear-drops fast will start.
Just put your arms about me,
And the blanket closer fold ;
Tell me, oh, what can it mean !
Do warm me — I am cold !

“ Once mother, I was naughty,
And once I told a lie ;
Will God — will God forgive it,
And take me to the sky ?
And, tell me, shall I live there,
'Till I am large and old ?
Shall I be warm in Heaven ?
Dear mother, I am cold ! ”

She scans each lovéd feature,
And sees death's signet-seal ;
And strives to warm his hands in hers ;
How very chill they feel !
His lip forgot its speaking,
His eye was backward rolled ;
The busy hands are lying still ;
The limbs are cold — so cold !

That eye hath lost its brightness ;
The oil which fed it — dry ;
The silken fringes softly fell,
And now how still they lie !
That boy — the brightest dew-drop,
E'er loaned to human mould ;
To Earth, now lost for ever,
For there he lies, death-cold !

She tries to bow submissive,
But hope hath lost its hold ;
This world — this world is nothing —
In death her child is cold !
Oh mother, cease thy moaning,
This lamb of Jesus' fold,
Will warm him in Christ's bosom,
And there forget his cold !

OUR LITTLE OLIVE.

Oh ye, who never looked on death — come now,
And scan his impress on that cheek and brow :
See that full lip, which now in death is stilled,
Which once in joyous laughter lightly trilled !

The curtaining eye-lids gently drooped and fell,
And shut in night, the dark eye's witching spell ;
I see the little lash's dark fringing streak,
As it in death, doth softly kiss the cheek.

The glossy hair, how smoothly doth it trail
Adown the temple, now so snowy pale ;
So pale, it mocks the parian marble's white ;
So faultless fair, as if in death's despite.

The busy hands — how lightly are they prest
Across the folding of the shrouded breast :
'Twould seem that death, while stooping to caress,
Had veiled his terrors in thy loveliness.

As o'er thy bed thy father fondly clung,
Around his neck, thine arms were softly flung,
The tongue refused its office ; but thine eye,
It seemed to say — I'm not afraid to die !

“ Say, did thy mother beckon from the sky,
And bid thee, Olive, turn from Earth and die ?

Say — was she lonely in that bright abode,
To call thee, darling, up from Earth to God ? ”

That Meeting ! let our tears forget to flow,
And let each stricken heart with rapture glow ;
Thou heard’st a voice — voice which thee beguiled ;
And now thy mother, clasps again her child !

THE ANGEL AND THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

SOMETIMES we all are petulant, sometimes are proud and cold ;

Then listen to my simple tale, a tale of times of old :
Then and I were all alone, one dark and dreary day,
Listening to hear the drumming rain upon the windows play.

Our work was resting on our hands, our books were thrown aside ;

Our brows were knit in half a frown, and wearily we sighed ;

Our words were fretful and unkind, and every pettish tone, foretold the Angel of our hearts, was almost overthrown.

The Demon of our fallen race, was laughing in his lair,
While the Angel of our loving hearts, had left us in despair ;

And cold, and colder grew our looks, and darker gloomed
the brow,
Alas, that ever petulance, should kindness overthrow !

My cousin spake a venom'd word, the Demon lit my eye,
And trembling, and by anger stirred, I gave her back the
lie ;
She raised her proud form, proudly up, and quickly left the
room,
And there I sat, and conned it o'er, in loneliness and
gloom.

I strove to think that I was right, and she alone was
wrong,
But old King-conscience would be heard — his voice was
deep and strong ;
Confess thy fault, ye both were wrong ; oh, ask to be for-
given ;
Else never pray to God again, or dare to hope for Heaven !

Then up the stairs I slowly went, to seek my cousin there ;
And pride kept swelling, and did strive, my better thought
to snare ;
It whispered, she began it ; I am sure I would not
bend ;
She ought to ask thy pardon, for she did first offend !

Then conscience whispered louder still, remember Christ's
own word ;
Forgive us, Lord, as we forgive ; else thou shalt be
abhorred !

close I pressed to Ellen's side ; dear cousin, pardon
me !
turned, and we exchanged a kiss, how happy then
were we !

day no longer looked so dark, nought cared we for the
rain ;
Sun was shining in our hearts, and gone the Demon-
train ;
n our faces beamed with smiles, again our steps were
light,
we did taste life's richest bliss, the bliss of acting
right !

MY YOUNG BROTHER.

BROTHER, the world is calling thee,
Is beckoning thee away ;
And thou must go ; yet all our hearts,
Are very sad to-day.
I would not wish to keep thee back,
For thou must learn to dare,
Whate'er of trial, God appoints,
My brother, for thy share.

Thou'l find this world with fair outside,
And not all false within ;
For human hearts are mixtures strange,
Of goodness and of sin :

Then nerve thee, brother, for the strife,
On "Life's great battle-field;"
And keep thy upright truthfulness,
As helmet and a shield.

Thou'l't mingle with a varied throng,
Amid the haunts of men;
Where e'en the best are sorely tried —
How wilt thou bear thee, then?
Thy heart is fresh and true, brother,
Temptings will meet thee there;
And many a luring voice will seek
Thy purity to snare!

There is an Eye which watcheth thee;
There is a kindly Hand;
And not a sparrow e'er doth fall,
Except at His command.
Then, brother, love and trust thy God;
He'll guard thee through the strife;
And when thy brief campaign is o'er,
Will give thee heavenly life.

ANNIE LEE.

ADDRESSED TO MARY L

As through the city's mart I strayed,
I met a little wildered maid ;
Whose feet were bare, though all below
Was covered by the Autumn snow ;
Who on me wistful glances cast,
And begged a penny as I past.

I paused, and gazing on the child,
I asked in accents kindly mild :
" How old are you ? what is your name ?"
The tears into her blue eyes came ;
" My name is Annie Lee," she said ;
My Mother's sick, my Father's dead,
And we are grown so very poor,
I beg our bread from door to door !
There's Jack and Biddy, James and Pat,
Besides the little Baby, that
Came to us, Lady, just as we,
Were coming o'er the tossing sea.
I am the oldest ; I was born
Nine years ago on Christmas Morn ;
And Mother says she knows 'twill be,
An earnest of good luck to me !

" We heard that all things here were good,
A plenty, both of work and food ;

“ So Father took us all, and came ;
Alas, with us 'tis all the same,
For Father died the very day,
The vessel anchored in the bay ;
And Mother took the fever, too,
And now, there's no one, Lady, who
Can care for us ; so every day
Around from street to street I stray,
And beg of every one I meet,
To buy us food enough to eat !

“ Some, push me as they pass me by,
And never heed me when I cry ;
And then I think, oh, could they know,
Like all of us, the bitter woe,
Of being sick, and Father dead,
And not to have enough of bread,
I'm sure they would not scorn my plea,
But give me food for them and me ! ”

“ Now Mary, when you chance to meet,
A little beggar in the street,
Just pause and think, that she may be,
An orphan-child like Annie Lee ;
Who hath not shoes to clothe her feet,
Or even bread enough to eat ;
Then of your blessings, blessings strew,
And make the outcast happy, too ! ”

ALICE BROWN.

I'm tired of this dull work, mamma,
Do let me go and play?
It is a shame to keep me here,
A sewing all the day!

Well, darling, lay the needle down,
And stand beside me here;
And listen, Essie, while I tell
A story for your ear.

I knew a little girl like you,
Her name was Alice Brown;
With flaxen hair, and light blue eyes,
The prettiest child in town!

But oh, she did not love her book;
She did not love to sew;
But used to play, the livelong day,
As you would like to do.

Her teacher used to coax and shame;
Her mother used to chide;
But Alice, though she loved her play,
Loved nothing else beside.

And so she grew in ignorance ;
Scarcely could read or spell ;
If asked what ten and ten would make,
Alice could never tell !

But when just turned of twelve years old,
Her doting mother died ;
And her father he was grave and stern,
And she had no friend beside.

Her dress was never neatly kept ;
Her curls were all awry ;
Though often told the better way,
Still she would never try.

All knew her for a Slattern ;
As you may well suppose ;
For her dress was out at elbows,
And her stockings out at toes !

But by and by there came a crash,
Her father, he fell poor,
And died ; and lazy Alice begged her bread,
Yes, begged from door to door !

At last within the alms-house,
The wretched creature came ;
And died, a broken-hearted girl —
Weary with sin and shame !

Now, Essie, which is best, think you,
Work, study and some play ;
Or like this little girl, to be
Allowed to play all day !

Say, would you like to bear the name,
Of the laziest child in town ;
To be a dunce, and mayhap die,
Like wretched Alice Brown ?

THE ANSWERING BLOW.

“ WHY is your cheek so flushed, my boy ?
And why is your eye cast down ? ”
“ Why, mother, you see, that Harrison Gray,
Is the ugliest boy in town !
We were out at play on the village green ;
I, with my bat and ball ;
And it chanced to roll where Harry stood,
And he, like a clown — must fall ! ”

“ And what do you think he said ? mamma ;
Why, I did it on purpose ! and so,
He struck me right over my head, mamma,
But I answered him, blow for blow !

His nose just bled a little ; and now
He's gone like a cry-baby home,
To make a complaint, and get me whipped :
You will see what a story will come ! ”

“ Oh, William, it grieves me much, to hear
A tale like this ; and I —— ”
“ But you see, he struck me first, mamma,
And he's a bigger boy than I !
I am sure, you would not have me stand,
A coward, afraid to strike !
Papa, I know, would do as I did,
If a man should serve him the like ! ”

“ But, William, 'tis wicked to quarrel and fight,
And cowardly, bullying boys,
Run about with their fists ready-doubled for blows,
And are known by their bluster and noise.
True courage consists in restraining the blow,
And repressing each angry tone ;
'Twould have shamed Harry Gray, had you told him the truth,
And manfully let him alone.”

“ But, mother, he gave me no time for a word,
For he struck me before I could speak ;
I meant to have told ; but the first thing he did,
Was to strike me a blow on the cheek.
I'm sure there is no one would like to stand,
To be beat like a dog, mamma ;
I would not have given him a single blow,
But he struck me the first, mamma ! ”

“ You have seen David Rice ; when a child, like you,
He was out on the green one day,
When a boy, much larger and stronger than he,
Just hit him a blow in play.
But he never stopped to inquire the cause,
For his temper began to rise ;
So he raised a thistle he held in his hand,
And struck it across his eyes.

“ The boy that David so hastily struck,
Shrieked aloud in terrible pain ;
And the surgeon came and examined his eyes,
But his skill and care was vain.
For the light went out, and the beautiful day,
To him is as dark as the night ;
And though David wept like a penitent boy,
Yet he could not bring back the sight.

“ Now, Willie, you see that David Rice
Grew warm at the first attack ;
And thought because he struck him first,
It was right to strike him back.
Whene’er you are tempted to quarrel or fight,
Just think of this terrible woe ;
And remember how bitterly David has mourned
The result of his *answering blow.*”

THE ROBINS HAVE COME BACK AGAIN.

THE Robins have come back again,
I see them on the wing,
They flit about our dwellings,
And tell us it is Spring.

I heard them sing this morning,
Before I left my bed ;
They lighted on the cherry tree,
And sang above my head.

Get up, you little truant !
Methought I heard them say,
The Sun is up, and even now,
An hour upon his way.

The snow-banks hide behind the wall,
Like children in their play ;
The brooks are leaping in their banks,
Impatient of delay !

The flowers are waking in the woods ;
The buds upon the tree ;
And everything upon the Earth,
Rejoices to be free.

Within your little garden,
The pretty snow-drops peep ;
And all the lambs are wide awake —
How can you love to sleep !

How can you be a sluggard,
When we are on the wing?
Get up, you little sleeper,
And with us welcome Spring!

“OUR FATHER.”

OUR Father! What a glorious claim,
A Saviour’s love hath given!
Not aliens, or strangers we—
Our Father dwells in Heaven!

Not children by an earthly sire,
But of a heavenly king!
The heirs of God; joint heirs with Christ,
To an eternal Spring!

And boldly to the throne of grace,
We come as children may;
God is our Father, and His ear,
Is open when we pray!

All nations round the circling earth,
Of every hue and name,
Are children of one family,
Bound by this common claim.

And though our sins have orphaned us,
Yet we may be forgiven,
Since Christ has died, and bought for us,
Father, and home in heaven !

FLORIE.

I LOVE the prattle of a child,
So artless, gushing, free and wild ;
With half coquetish, hoyden air,
They toss about their waving hair ;
Confess their likings and dislikes —
Speak out howe'er the subject strikes ;
And wind their wiles around your heart,
Until you cannot from them part.

I wish you could our Florie see,
An artless child 'tween two and three ;
Who trots about where'er I go,
And always asks, " Why do you so ? "
She speaks quite plain, and talks so fast,
She is among the Magpies classed.
Seldom a fretful word or tone,
Hath little Florie ever shown ;
But judgment like a mind matured,
As if to crosses oft inured.

Perchance she doth an apple spy,
For her little hands to reach, too high;
The quick inquiry, " Give it me ?"
I answer, " Busy ; don't you see !"
" In a minute — then you will ;"
Her pleading lip entreats, until,
Unable longer to withstand,
I place it in her little hand ;
And then, with basket on her arm,
The apple snug, secured from harm,
She takes a nib and drops it in,
Then bends her head to look within ;
And eats and talks, and talks and eats,
And pit-a-pats her little feet,
For ever round and round the house,
As brisk and busy as a mouse ;
If asked to do a thing she spurns,
Each shoulder — gives a shrug by turns ;
And if you urge, she will not grant —
" Ma says I must n't, and I can't ! "

And when the evening draweth near,
And one by one the lights appear,
She lays her little frock aside,
And wrapped in night-gown, long and wide,
Her chattering tongue begins to tease :
" Tell me a story — will you, please ?"
" What shall it be about, my pet !
About the mouse that gnawed the net ?"
" No, no ; tell me about a dog,
Or else about a great big frog ! "

When those are told, she asks for more,
And half exhausts my little store.
" Tell me about Red Riding Hood ; "
And I go on to please her mood,
Until her little sparkling eyes
Grow small and smaller still in size ;
Then she repeats her evening prayer,
And thanks her Maker for His care ;
Asks Him to bless her dear mamma,
And all her friends, where'er they are ;
To please to take the kindest care,
And make him good — of brother Clare ;
And then she bids a last good-night,
And shuts her eyes till morning light.

ADDIE'S BIRTHDAY VERSES.

WRITTEN FOR HER MOTHER.

THOU'RT four years old to-day, Addie,
Four busy years have fled,
Since first thy mother's yearning heart
Pilloved thy little head.
Ah, I remember well, Addie,
When first I saw thy face,
And held thee to the streaming light,
Its lineaments to trace.

Thou little know'st the love, darling,
Which blessed thee ere thy birth,
And found in thee an added charm,
To bind my heart to earth.
I held thee in my arms, Addie,
And tears fell down like rain,
And my heart brimmed up with joy, Addie —
A joy akin to pain !

I trembled as I gazed, Addie,
So helpless and so small !
And I knew beside thou had'st a soul,
More precious far than all.
I felt thou wert a fearful gift,
And my heart rose up in prayer,
That God, who gave thee life, Addie,
Might hold thee in His care.

Thy days of infancy are past ;
Four Summer's Suns have set ;
Yet still I claim the fond caress,
And call thee baby yet !
God bless thee, darling ; hold thee fast,
And lead thy feet aright ;
And keep thy true child's heart, Addie,
Still clean before His sight !

“ASHES TO ASHES.”

FLORIE, blessings on thy head !
Can it be that thou art dead ;
Will thy happy voice, no more
Echo round our open door ?

Must we give thee up, my pet ?
No — though dead we have thee yet !
Memory will not let thee pass,
But holds thine image in her glass !

Again, we hear thy pleasant words,
Mocking the music of the birds ;
Again, we list thy busy feet ;
Again, thy speaking glances meet !

And though we may not meet thy kiss,
Thou’rt gone to a better world than this ;
We know thee blest — that God in love,
Removed thee to the world above.

Little Grace, first drooped and died,
And now our Florie’s by her side ;
Two baby-graves up-heave the sod —
Earth’s children pass that gate to God !

“Ashes to ashes — dust to dust !”
My God, I leave them in Thy trust ;
Thou gav’st them being, and again,
Reclaimed them from a world of pain !

I weep, yet not one murmuring tear
Shall dim mine eyelids, year by year,
For death this precious boon hath given,
My little ones are safe in heaven !

LUCY.

WINSOME little Lucy,
As cheery as a bird;
With thy sweet warbled music,
The sunny air is stirred.

Ever in busy mischief,
Thy little fingers keep,
While o'er thy falling apron,
The shoulders archly peep.

Chubby as any Cupid,
As full of witching wiles !
Just like a sky in April,
Half tearful, and half smiles.

Come hither, little prattler,
My darling little niece ;
Put up thy twin-lips rosy,
Let's have a kiss apiece !

EMILY ——.

BABY, in those eyes of thine,
Strange unearthly lustre shines ;
As though thy yearning soul had caught,
The light with which yon Heaven is fraught.

Almost, we deem, that at thy birth,
An Angel stooped to visit Earth ;
And listing to some mystic plea,
Hath deigned to veil himself in thee !

Baby, e'en thy wailing cry,
Bears not the tone of infancy ;
But rather, 'tis the home-sick moan
Of an Angel wandering from its home.

What seest thou, dear one ? hast thou then,
Light beyond our finite ken ?
Canst thou pierce the brighter day,
Shining o'er our earthly way ?

Dost thou long for heavenly peace,
Waiting, yearning for release ?
Tell me, darling, is it so ?
Shall we, must we, let thee go ?

IN MEMORY OF EMILY ——.

I WOULD I had the power of an artist, to throw the semblance of that sweet child upon the canvas. She was so unlike all other babies ; her expressive eyes seemed searching for something which earth, and earthly affection could not yield ; and the quiet thought which reigned upon her features seemed questioning itself, and us, and placed us in the position of inferiors to that mysterious little being, who lived here a little while, yet had no part nor lot with us.

Every one who saw her, must have felt it a privilege to have looked upon such a child. She was the embodiment of thought and spirituality ! Only for a few months she dwelt among us, yet her life has performed a greater mission than many whose years are numbered by tens and twenties. Never a single eye looked upon her, that went not out from her presence, thoughtful and subdued. No child's face to command pity or caresses ; she taught us respect, and awed even the most flippant and careless !

She has gone from us ! A void is felt in the family circle ; her mother's arms are vacant ; the "child is not," for God has taken her !

An infant's suffering strikes a deeper blow upon a mother's heart than all the pain she can herself experience. There is no eloquence like the mute agony of a child's appealing look for help, which she is powerless to give ! There is no struggle like that, with which the mother binds, as it were, her own heart to the wheel, as she chokes back

her sorrow, that she may minister to the wants of her dying child !

When the pain is passed ; when death, grown merciful, has ended the struggle ; then, let our tears cease. Earth is finished — Heaven begun ! Just upon the threshhold of earth, that babe has seized upon immortality ! Victor without the conflict ! She has seen enough of mortal life to entitle her to life eternal ! She is spared the trials to which we are subject ; already, she has reached the bourne for which we strive ! Ours is a battling path — foes without, and deadlier foes within, beset us ; “ Our grave-rest is very far to seek ! ” Hers was a happier fate, a shorter path to heaven !

We weep, for it is human to weep ; yet our tears have no pang in them ! There is no doubt of a child’s acceptance with Christ ; for we are directed to clothe ourselves with a child’s simplicity, a child’s pure-heartedness, ere we hope for acceptance with God.

Let the mother rejoice ; for she is doubly blessed who hath a child in heaven ! What ! permitted to be the mother of an Angel, and wilt thou go mourning amid the graves of earth ? There is a vacant place in the circle of little ones ; a light is missed at the household hearth ; not lost, but removed to shine as a star in heaven.

MY FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER,

A STORY FOR ANNE.

WHEN I was a very little girl, Anne, not nearly as large as you, I used to go to the Sunday School; but the old meeting-house was very unlike the pleasant church we have now; there were no snug slips, and nicely carpeted aisles; and the rusty, black looking stoves, used to stand close up to the pulpit, one on each side. The pews were great square pens, surrounded by high railings, far above the heads of us children; although we used sometimes to climb upon the cushion, and take a peep at our little neighbors in the next pew; always, however, at the risk of a reprimand; for children in those days were taught to have respect for the House of God, even although they might not be old enough to understand what the preacher said.

We did get tired sometimes, even as you do now, and used to inquire of mamma, in a teasing whisper: "*Is he most through?*" and we did wish dear old Parson Jones would make shorter prayers!

When service was well over, and the people had passed out through the narrow alleys, which ran among the pews, and intersected each other at right angles, then we children gathered ourselves together around our respective teachers. There were five little girls in my class, and I was the youngest of them all. We used to meet in one of the largest of all the pews; in the centre of it, stood a table covered with green baize, and two chairs, one on either

side, and three or four unpretending crickets. The chairs, I remember, had the stiffest, straightest backs imaginable, and shiny leather seats, surrounded with brass-headed nails, which were looped and festooned in every possible variety around their edges. Our Teacher — well do I remember her! She was one of the dearest, best creatures in the world ; so good, so kind ; so gentle and loving to all us little folks ; and we all loved her very dearly in return ! I used to sit upon a cricket, close to her feet ; and while she was hearing the other little girls repeat their lessons, she used to lay her hand softly upon my head ; and I would keep still as a mouse, and listen, all the while she was instructing them. After our lessons were repeated, every Sabbath she used to tell us some pretty Bible story. To our eyes, there never was any thing half so beautiful as “Joseph’s coat ;” and as for his brethren, we thought they were the wickedest men in all the world ; all except Benjamin, him we loved ! The story of Samuel, how he was given to God’s service from a child ; and his interview with Eli, when he said, “Surely, thou didst call me !” And the story about Moses, and that wicked king Pharaoh, who treated the children of Israel so badly, and made that wicked law, that all the little boy-babies among the Hebrews, should be killed ! Moses’ mother, when she found she could no longer hide her baby, made an ark, something like a basket, and put little Moses into it, and hid it among the rushes, close by the river’s brink. Pharaoh’s daughter came down to bathe, and sure enough, she found the ark. “And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and behold the babe wept !

And she had compassion on him, and said, this is one of

the Hebrews' children. Now Moses' sister was standing afar off, and saw Pharaoh's daughter when she found her little brother, and she said : " Shall I go and call thee a nurse from among the Hebrew women ? " And Pharaoh's daughter told her to go. And she went and called her mother. Pharaoh's daughter was very kind to Moses, and had him educated as though he were a king's son ; and after he had grown up, God appointed him to be the leader of His people.

But the story we loved to listen to best of all, was the one about Jesus. His birth — His boyhood — His manhood — His miracles — His trial — His death — His resurrection, and ascension into Heaven !

One day, when we took our places in the class, we saw that Miss Mary (that was our Teacher's name) was very grave. She told us that she was going to leave us, and that that was the last Sabbath she should sit in the old pew, with her little girls gathered around her. She talked to each one of us separately. First to Jane, then Mary, Carrie and Fanny ; and after that she lifted me upon her lap, and I saw that she was weeping, and I began to cry too, and so did Mary and Carrie ! She whispered some good and comforting words in my ear. I remember them all, even now, as plain as if it was but yesterday ! After she had put me down, she gave some parting advice to all.

She told us God was a spirit ; He was always with us ; He heard every word we spoke ; He knew every good and bad thought within us, and it grieved Him when we were naughty, or did n't tell the truth ! That Jesus loved little children ; He took them in His arms and blessed them when he was on the earth ; that he would help us to do

right, if we would only pray to him. Then she gave each of us a verse printed in large letters: "Thou God seest me!" She told us to put it in our chambers, and look at it every morning, when we rose from our beds; and every night, before we laid down; and try to be good children, and love and obey God. Then she gave each of us a parting kiss, and left us.

We never saw our dear kind Teacher again. She was married and went away; but only a few years passed before she was brought back and carried up the aisle in a coffin. They raised me up to look at her. She was very, very white; I touched her forehead and it felt just like ice! But she looked so calm and pleasant—her face was like a smile! I saw them when they lowered the coffin into the grave, and shut her up within the Earth; and then I remembered how often she had told us, that Christ had power to raise the dead, and make them live again, and He would do so at the last day. I knew also, that it was only the body we left in the ground, that the soul, God had taken to Himself.

Many years have passed since then, but I have never forgotten the pleasant lessons I learned from my first Sunday School Teacher!

LAURA LEE AND HER DOG POMPEY.

LAURA LEE! Bless her pretty face! I can never forget her. She was one of the most delicious little fairies in existence. Her face shone with truth; you could read every thought before the lips opened, and bright and beautiful they were too!

The first time I saw her, she was only a wee toddling baby, lisping her half-formed words, with her arms clasped around old Pompey's shaggy neck, tugging away, and pleading in a coaxing tone, "Tum into de house, Pompey; Pompey, tach a torf!"

I remember Laura in her girlhood; wooing the sunshine into her soul; talking to the flowers; herself as fresh and fair as a wild mountain daisy. Yes, the angel of life plucked every thorn from her early pathway; she was the only child of her father, and he was widowed. Her mother died when she was a very little baby; so very small that she could n't even hold up her head; but he was all in all to her. He surrounded her with the warm atmosphere of love, and she looked upon the world through the fresh glass of an inexperienced heart. The baubles of wealth glittered about her, but God sent a cloud athwart her heaven, to refine her spirit, and draw her nearer to Himself.

Deadly disease fastened upon her father's frame; his face grew paler day by day, and often, as he pressed his cheek to hers, she would feel his tears upon her lip; and then he would draw her very close to his heart, as though he could not spare her.

He died ; and they took her into the dark room, and turned back the damp death-cloth, and told her that was death. She looked very long at first — she was sure that her papa was sleeping ! Then she bent down her little head and listened, waiting to hear the breath ; but the lips were stiff and cold ; and when she softly raised her hand against his cheek, she shrank back, for it felt just like ice. She never saw any one dead before, and could not understand it. Her old nurse tried to tell her, but she climbed up close by his side, and began to talk — “ Father, father, wake up ! Laura is all, all alone ! Why did not I die too ? Let me die ! Oh father, they will lay thee in the dark ground, and the cold wind will blow, and the snow will pile up over thee ! Nobody will love Laura now ; nobody will hear her sing ; nobody will kiss her, and rock her asleep ! Father, wake up, or else let Laura die too ! ”

Her kind nurse carried her out of that still room, and told her though her father was dead, and his cheek felt so cold, yet the soul was not dead, — that had gone to heaven ; and by and by, if she was a good child, and loved God, she would go there too. They would bury her father in the ground, but the green grass would spring up over his grave, and the little daisies would blossom there ; and the brook would go rippling by ; and the robins would build their nests in the trees overhead, and sing all their pleasantest songs !

The tears dried on her cheek as she listened to the old nurse’s tale, and she promised not to cry any more.

They carried her father out from before her face ; and she heard the earth as it rattled down upon the coffin ; she saw them as they rounded the sods over the grave ; and

oh, it was dreadful to hear her sob — “ My Father — my dear Father — come back, Father ! Don’t be dead any longer ! Nobody will love Laura now ! ”

She went back to her home, and there stood her papa’s easy chair ; but there was no father there, and she sat down close beside it on the floor, and began to cry. Pompey came into the room, and began to rub his head back and forth against her, and licked her hands, as though trying to comfort her ; and Laura always loved him after that night, better than before.

But they did not leave her alone. Poverty was added, for in one night all her father’s estate was swept away by fire. All the cherished things of home were sold at public sale ; only Pompey remained to console Laura in her loneliness. She had no longer a home. After a little time, a place was found for her with a hard-faced milliner ; first as a little errand-girl, and after that as an apprentice. Her mistress objected to taking Pompey ; she said she “ couldn’t afford to keep the dog — a good-for-nothing, lazy thing ! ”

Then poor Laura cried bitterly. “ Do let me keep Pompey, he is my only friend ! You will not be so cruel as to take him away ! ” Then a friend came forward and interceded for Laura, and she was allowed to keep Pompey ; and after that, every day, Laura and Pompey might be seen trudging about the streets of the city, loaded down by the weight of bundles.

But it was a cold atmosphere for Laura, so unlike her home, with her dear kind father, that the harsh words that her mistress gave her, stiffened about her heart and half benumbed it. It was only in the free air, with Pompey

trotting by her side, that she breathed again. Many a long talk she used to have with him, about her father, and the bright, beautiful Heaven, far beyond the stars, where God lived, and the Angels, and all good people when they died !

As Laura grew older, she became very lovely ; and her mistress grew very envious of her extreme beauty, and pressed heavy burdens upon her ; and the poor girl was obliged to plod about the city, weary and footsore, and she had no friend to shield her from unkindness. By and by, sickness overtook her ; and then the harsh words grew harsher ; and, worse than all, Pompey was pushed and beaten, and she could not save him ; and in the night-time her pillow was wet with tears, and Pompey moaned to hear her desolate crying. Her cheeks lost their roundness, and the veins peeped out from her temples, and her red lips paled ; but still her busy fingers worked on — sew, sew, sew — at her appointed tasks. One night, Laura and Pompey stole out to look again on God's bright Heaven, and to breathe the fresh air of evening. Eight years had passed since her father's death, and now she wandered on, until she entered the grave-yard, and stood once again by her father's grave. She sat down beside it, and laid her head upon the turf, and wept fast and bitterly. A good Angel awoke in her heart, and told her that God was good ; very good and kind ; that he would take care of all his creatures ; and even if Pompey should be killed, as her mistress threatened, still God would be always left ; and if she should die, then God would take her soul to Heaven, and they would make a grave for her close beside her dear father's.

While she sat there, thinking of all these things, she felt a hand laid upon her head, and when she looked up, a kind voice inquired her name.

“Laura Lee; and this is my father’s grave!”

“Then you are my little niece,” said the stranger, in return; “for James Lee was my only brother, and this, alas, is his grave!”

Sure enough, this was Laura’s uncle, who had been a great many years in Africa; and now he had come home to find only Laura left of all his own family. You may imagine she had no more trouble, for both herself and Pompey were well taken care of, and in a little while she grew stout and healthy once more; and now she is a grown up woman, and every body loves and speaks well of Laura Lee.

OUR TOMMY,

OR, THE LITTLE ERRAND BOY.

I AM going to tell you a story about our Tommy. Like Sterne, I found out that a domestic was what I required, and, after a few days’ search, a funny little specimen of humanity offered his services. I scanned him from head to foot. He looked shrewd and intelligent; his blue eye had a twinkle in it; and his nose, which was of an undefined order, ranging between a turn-up and a pug, looked

as though it might speak, if it would. His hair nature had intended for yellow, but constant exposure to the sun had bleached it to a rusty white. He did not appear at all abashed at my critical inspection, for his eye ran round the room scanning the furniture, and then came back to fix itself on me. His clothes in some former year might have been a fit, but now a good length of leg exposed itself below the trowsers ; and his little, round, fat body, looked, for all the world, as though it had just been stuffed for a pin-cushion.

“ Who sent you here, my little fellow ? ” I asked, questioning.

“ Our folks heard you wanted a boy to run arrants, and do chores, and mother sent me up to try it a spell.”

“ What is your name ? ”

“ Thomas Jefferson Higginbotham.”

“ Ah, indeed ! then I have a second edition of Jefferson ? ”

Tommy was forthwith installed in his new vocation, and his busy little feet pit-a-patted to and fro, and up and down the house. He was what foreigners would term a unique Yankee specimen. Ransack New England from Calais to Waterbury, and I do not believe that you could look upon his like ! Nimble and supple as a cat, he would turn somersets about the yard, stand upon his head, or, sticking his little bare toes into the bark, climb a cherry tree, as quick as a monkey a rope ladder ; and swinging himself round from limb to limb, pick and sing, as merry and as happy as the birds and squirrels who divided the cherries with him.

Reverence to superiors was to him a thing unknown ; nature had never hinted it ; and education had not as yet forced upon him such an unpleasant impression. For ever

out of sight when most needed, all day long our lungs were in exercise. "Tommy," sounded from end to end of the house — "Tommy, where are you?" After a little while his round face would bob through the doorway, with — "Wasn't it you, a yelling arter me?"

No fawning menial! no, not he! On the contrary, he was an embodied "Declaration of Independence." You could see "free and equal," and "certain inalienable rights," looking out at his eyes. *He* could see no reason why he shouldn't talk, laugh, sneeze, as loud as any other mortal! If other people lounged upon the sofa, why should not he? A dozen times a day he had to be reproved for some such misdemeanor; when he would look up in my face with the most perfect amazement, and exclaim — "I thought 't was made to lay on! — I saw *you* on it t'other arternoon!" No method of reasoning could make him understand our relative positions.

Cleaning knives was one of his duties; but they often ran about all the corners of the house and yard, in the process. His favorite position was the gate-post; there he would sit, rubbing and singing, and taking an observation up and down the road at the same time. Once, when, out of all patience at his remissness, I said — "Tommy, it is more trouble to get you to scour the knives than it is to do it myself," he looked up with the most imperturbable gravity, answering — "Why don't you do it, then?" He had no intention of impertinence! He knew not that his words could be so construed. With him, it was simply a question, asking a reply.

Always good-natured, one could not have the heart to scold him; and if you did, ten to one whether he would

realize what you were aiming at. There was a happy unconsciousness of wrong about him, and, at heart, he was nearer right than most of us, for he always looked you fair in the face, and told the *whole* truth with downright simplicity. If guilty of any mischief, his frank—"I done it," half excused his misdemeanor.

One trait of the true Yankee he had 'in perfection, and that was, curiosity. Every box-cover must rise and be looked under; the very doors were swung back and forth, for him to discover where the creak was put in. But above and beyond all, men and women were what he studied. Not alone their countenances, but their dress. He knew the color of the frock and shawl, and whether the gaiters were tipped with French kid, or patent leather; and watch-seals and keys, were to him objects of especial attraction and admiration. With open ears he would crouch under the parlor windows to listen to the conversation; and one day, as I was reading Tennyson's "May Queen," his round face, like a full Moon, rose above the window-sill, and his interest in the touching story got the better of his caution:

"I say — you ! could n't the Doctor cure her?"

After a reproof for eaves-dropping, which he bore with the most perfect "*sang froid*," I called him into the room, and read him the whole of the beautiful poem, and never did a poet have a more honest or hearty admirer.

"Well, now, ain't that ere pretty?" I wish you'd give me them ere verses, when I go hum, to show to mother!"

His descriptions of men and things were graphic in the extreme. His first experience at church was thus summed up. "The minister come out, with a night-gown on, and

jawed away awhile ; then he put on a black gown and went up stairs, and jawed away awhile ; and that was all ! ”

Poor Tommy ! “ Take him for all in all, we ne’er shall look upon his like again ! ”

THE TEACHER’S DREAM.

“ **Boxing up** School Teaching, and peddling it out by the Basket-full ! ”

EVEN School Teachers get tired and discouraged at times, and would, how very willingly, lay aside all the honors of pedagogism, and retire to private life. This “ coaxing on the stubborn ones, and pushing on the lazy,” is at times decidedly an up-hill business. The school was dismissed for the day ; the “ toddling wee things ” had turned their faces homeward, leaving the school-room to solitude and me. I felt as though twenty pounds to the square inch was taken from my shoulders, and throwing myself into my prim high-backed chair, I fell into a fit of musing, which ended in sleep. Methought all the school-books had met in general convention, to appoint a president for the world of books. The meeting was called to order by Mr. *Dictionary*, when a prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. *Testament*, and the following officers were appointed “ *pro tem* : ”

The Hon. *American Class-Book*, President ; Messrs. *English* and *Rhetorical Readers*, Vice-Presidents ; and young Mr. *Penmanship*, Secretary.

The President took the chair, and stated that the meeting was open for business. Whereupon Mr. *Spelling-Book* rose, saying that he claimed to be heard *first*; that he would not utter a *syllable*, if he did not feel that of late he had been very much neglected, and in many of their meetings entirely overlooked. He would state, that although not dressed in as fine cloth as *Professor Algebra*, and *Doctor Philosophy*, yet his principles were as good as theirs; and he begged leave to lay before the honorable members, his *twenty-six letters* of recommendation and introduction. In them, was a compend of his whole character.

Mr. *Analysis* rose, and said that he considered the remarks of his esteemed friend, Mr. *Spelling-Book*, as worthy of consideration. The very *sound* of these *letters* had done him good. He was bound by the strongest ties to his friend; they had long been colleagues, and he felt that his very existence depended upon him. He had ever derived much benefit from his precepts, and for some years past had been engaged in revising his friend's works; *prefixing* a preface, or adding an *appendix*.

Mr. *Grammar* echoed the opinions of his youthful friend, Mr. *Analysis*; said that he considered Mr. *Spelling-Book* a rather *wordy*, but not a bad man; that he had long lived in the same ward with him; that *Spelling-Book* liked to have the last *word*, but was, in the main, a good common-sense man, and submitted to the *rules* of the corporation, with as good grace as he did himself.

Mr. *Dictionary* remarked that Mr. *Grammar* had called their mutual friend *wordy*; he did not, for his part, consider *that*, any objection; he was something of a talker himself; but he begged leave to remind the honorable

gentlemen, that there was always *meaning* in all he said. The *Spelling-Book* family was one of the oldest, and most respectable in the country, and he would nominate *Spelling-Book* for the office of President.

Mr. *Botany* made some exceedingly *flowery* remarks, losing, by saying, that he was grounded in the belief that *Spelling-Book* was the man for their leader, therefore, he could second the nomination.

Mr. *Geography* came bustling up ; said, that he took it, the meeting was open for discussion, and he for one, should oppose the nomination. *Spelling-Book* was entirely *so old-fashioned* for the responsible office of President. He was too stiff ; he measured his *words* too much ; couldn't see out of a *straight line* ; was altogether behind the times ; his personal appearance was bad ; and he thought they ought to think something even of personal appearance, in their choice of President. How would *Spelling-Book* look with his *old blue coat*, and one *I* smaller than the other ?

Order — order ! cried the President ; and *Geography* took his seat amid a shower of hisses from the whole *Grammar* faction.

Then a great struggle ensued ; it was all in vain for the President to call to order ; and young Mr. *Black-board* scuttled away, and some of the members had to run for water to throw on him, before he could be brought to his dolor again.

Professor Algebra gained the floor, and declared that the whole scene was disgraceful, *equal* to Bedlam itself ; that he considered it a *sign* of the times, &c.

Doctor Chemistry threw in some remarks, calculated to neutralize the general acidity of feeling.

Professor Geometry rose, bowed in a graceful curve to the President, and remarked that there were always *two sides* to a question ; that for his part, he always endeavored to *square* his conduct by the *lines* of propriety ; that he should use all his influence in favor of *Spelling-Book*, for he was under a weight of obligation to him. After some further remarks, he flew off in a *tangent*, and *Political Economy, Esq.*, took the floor. He proclaimed himself a thorough going utilitarian, “the greatest good to the greatest number” was his motto, and for his part he was willing to submit to the will of the majority, and was ready for the question.

Doctor Physiology arose, drew off his spectacles ; said, he addressed himself to the *bone* and *sinev* of the meeting. That although he knew nothing disparaging of *Mr Spelling-Book*, yet he considered that there were gentlemen of more note, who would fill the important office with greater dignity ; he had been studying the *faces* of the gentleman present, and was confident that it did not sit well, on their *stomachs*.

Old Mr. History rose slowly, pulled his *wig* over his forehead, and in a tremulous voice observed, that in his humble opinion, *Mr. Geography* was the man for their President. He was a man of universal information ; had travelled much, and could tell what he had seen.

Mr. Astronomy said that he considered the opinions of the oldest of their members, the venerable *Mr. History*, ought to have some influence ; that a gentleman like *Geography*, who had seen the *Sun rise* and *set* in every quarter of the *globe*, was to be preferred to an old gran-

dam of a man who had never moved out of his own chimney-corner. *Geography*, and himself, had long been intimately acquainted ; he considered him a man of genius ; a star of the first magnitude, and he trusted that his claims would be admitted by all the members present.

Doctor Philosophy said, that the remarks of his friend *Mr. Astronomy* were inclined to be personal, but that things would find their proper *level*. He considered that *Spelling-Book* was the man before all others for their President, and he, for one, would give him his vote.

Judge Rhetoric made a most *logical speech*, which all allowed to be in perfect *taste*, and a most ingenious piece of reasoning.

Mr. Mineralogy stated, that he must confess himself *hard-hearted* enough to vote against *Mr. Spelling-Book*. In his opinion, and he thought it ought to have some *weight*, *Mr. Geography* was the man for the office.

Mr. Spelling-Book has been nominated for the office of President, and the nomination has been seconded ; those in favor, will manifest their approval in the usual manner.

Gentlemen, are you ready for the question ? No objection was manifested, and *Arithmetic* ran round to *count* up the votes.

It was found to stand, Ayes—Messrs. *Analysis*, *Grammar*, *Dictionary*, *Botany*, *Professor Algebra*, *Doctor Chemistry*, *Professor Geometry*, *Political Economy*, Esq., *Doctor Philosophy*, *Judge Rhetoric*, 10. Nays—Rev. *Mr. Testament*, *Mr. Geography*, *Doctor Physiology*, Hon. *Ancient History*, *Mr. Astronomy*, *Mr. Mineralogy*, 6.

As there was no other business before the meeting,

Modern History, who had been appointed reporter, gathered up his notes, and the *Right Rev. Natural Theology* pronouncing the benediction, the meeting broke up.

HISTORY OF A FAMILY.*

In my early days, it was my fortunate privilege to be acquainted with the family, whose history I intend to relate. It is even now, a great pleasure to look back, and think of the harmony that reigned in that household. They were all governed by fixed *rules*, and none of them ever transgressed their code of laws.

At the time I knew them, the family consisted of nine members.

The Father, Mr. NOUN, was a short, crusty, arbitrary, old fellow; extremely opinionated, always governing his wife,

Mrs. VERB, who had to *agree* with him in all *personal* matters. Sometimes he would get so outrageous, that those who were *parsing* at the time, could see that he was acting entirely *independent* of all the family, and was not influenced by his wife, who at such times used to *keep* in the back-ground, out of his way. He was *proper* enough at times; but the generality of the community set him down as a *common* sort of a man, after all. If any of the family

* The idea of writing this *pun* was suggested by a friend.

were out, you might be sure old Mr. NOUN, or else his eldest son and heir, young Mr. PRONOUN, were somewhere about, so as to take the oversight of them. PRONOUN was young, but he was a prodigious smart fellow, and his father placed such confidence in him that he gave him a power of attorney to transact business *in his stead*. He was rather egotistical; I, always standing at the head—"head over all;" and he thought the old man, his father, might as well give up the business into his hands; and he used to speak *relative* to his father's plans; *demonstrate* his meaning; and sometimes he was rather *personal* in his remarks. He probably never learned the fifth commandment; at all events he did not yield his mother implicit reverence, for he always governed her in the same way his father did; in fact, he and his father used to *agree* in everything. PRONOUN always thinking just as his daddy did. To be sure, Mrs. VERB used to bristle up, and say both PRONOUN and his father, were her *subjects*; and sometimes the old lady used to get in the *active* state, and then her *husband* and *Pronoun* were at once in the *objective case*. When she got in one of her *imperative* moods, they all had to look out, for she would not bear contradictions, and gave out her orders without any *ifs* or *ands*. She was generally tidy and *regular* about her house-work, although sometimes, she would let things go, after an *irregular* or *defective* fashion. She was naturally *kind-hearted* and *obliging*, and if her sisters had any big work to do, she used to run in and give them a *helping* hand, and she was so smart, she would keep *ahead* of them, in spite of all they could do, and no matter what *mood* they were in, she was always good natured and ready to assist. She had a nervous temperament—sometimes in such gay spirits,

she seemed to live only in the *present*; then again she would have the low-po, and say she was a poor *imperfect* creature; then she would fancy herself *perfect*, and if you reasoned her out of that idea, she would revel in the *future*.

ARTICLE and ADJECTIVE were the two boys next to PRONOUN. They used to go skipping about *before* their father. ARTICLE used to try to *limit* the old man's power; but ADJECTIVE used to tell everybody, what a *great, wise* man his father was; and tried to make him out a person of *quality*.

Miss PARTICIPLE was the oldest daughter. In personal appearance she was the counterpart of her mother; her disposition was not unlike her brother ADJECTIVE's, and they liked each other's society better than that of the other children, and they were often seen together, parading about, *hand in hand*.

ADVERB was the next daughter; a pert little Miss, who used to run about the house *after* her mother, telling her the *time*, or pointing out the *place* where the children's clothes were put; sometimes she had the impertinence to criticise even her mother's *manners*.

The next one in the family was little CONJUNCTION; she was not so smart as some of the rest, but she was very useful. *Patch-work* was her delight. She would piece together all the little bits so neatly, you could hardly discover a seam; but if her work did not suit her, she would cut with her scissors, and *rip it apart* in less than no time.

PREPOSITION, was the youngest boy of the family. He would trot about *before* his father, and *governed* the old man, pretty much as younger boys are apt to do.

INTERJECTION was the baby ; she was the pet of the household ; and used to do exactly as she pleased. She was a *passionate*, sensitive little creature, and used to cry out as though somebody had pinched her, if everything did not go to suit her.

If any of my little friends do not know this family, if they will study their grammar, I think they will learn their whole history.

The following Puzzle was published in the Boston Journal. I do not know the author's name.

I reply to all I have been able to discover. If any one can tell me the *Layman's tree*, or the tree that *obeys* you, or the tree that *never stands still*, I should be glad to learn.

THE TREE PUZZLE.

WHAT is the sociable tree, and the dancing tree,
And the tree that is nearest the sea,
The most yielding tree, the busiest tree,
And the tree where ships may be ?

The languishing tree — the least selfish tree ;
The tree which bears a curse —
The chronologist's tree, the fisherman's tree,
And the tree like an Irish nurse ?

What is the tell-tale tree, and the traitor tree,
And the tree which is warmest clad ;
The layman's tree, the house-wife's tree,
And the tree that makes one sad ?

What's the tree that with death will benight you,
The tree that your wants will supply ;
What's the tree that to travel invites you,
And the tree that forbids you to die ?

What tree do the hunters resound to the skies ;
What brightens your house and your mansion sustains ;
What tree urged the Germans in vengeance to rise,
And fight for the victims in tyranny slain ?

The tree that will fight, and the tree that obeys you ;
The tree that never stands still ;
The tree that got up, and the tree that is lazy,
And the tree neither up nor down hill ?

The tree to be kissed, and the dandiest tree,
And what guides the ships to go forth ;
The tree of the people, the unhealthiest tree,
And the tree whose wood faces the North ?

The emulous tree, the industrious tree,
The tree which warms mutton when cold ;
The reddish brown tree, the reddish blue tree,
And what each must become when he's old ?

The tree in a bottle, the tree in a fog,
The tree that gives the joints pain ;
The terrible tree when schoolmasters flog,
What of mother and child bears the name ?

The treacherous tree, the contemptible tree,
And that to which wives are inclined ;
The tree which causes each townsman to flee,
And what round fair ankles they bind ?

The tree that's entire, the tree that is split,
The tree half given to doctors when ill ;
The tree that we offer to friends when we meet,
And the tree we may use as a quill ?

The tree that's immortal, the tree that is not,
The tree that must pass through the fire ;
The tree that in Latin can ne'er be forgot,
And in English we all must admire ?

The Egyptian-plague tree, the tree that is dear,
And what round itself doth entwine ;
The tree that in billiards must always be near,
And the tree that by cockneys is made into wine ?

—

The answer to each question gives a pun upon the name of some tree, which tree may be, in a case of emergency, a shrub or a vine.

REPLY TO THE TREE PUZZLE.

THE sociable tree is the *Tea*, I ween,
The *Hop* Vine, that can dance ;
The *Beach* doth bound the billowy sea,
You see at a single glance.

The *All-spice*, what can yield like that ?
The busiest tree is the *Bee* ;
The *Bay* is the place where ships can lie,
And the *Pine* is the languishing tree.

The *Yew* tree ne'er can think of self,
The *Fig* tree bore the curse ;
The *Date* and the *Bass* are the two next trees —
Honey-suckle 's the " Irish nurse ! "

The tell-tale tree is the ruddy *Peach* !
Judas the traitor tree ;
The *Fir* is clad in the warmest clothes —
Pray, what is the " layman's tree ? "

The housewife claims the *Broom*, be sure ;
The *Cy-press* makes one sad ;
Death lurks in the deadly *Night-shade's* bloom ;
The *Bread* tree makes one glad.

The *O-range* invites us all to range ;
The *O-live* forbids to die ?
Dog-wood the hunters resound to the skies,
And *Lime*, it is always nigh.

Linden the Germans must claim as their own ;
The *Box* tree fights at will ;
The tree that obeys you, say who can guess ?
And the tree that never stands still ?

The *Rose* tree got up, a long time agone,
The *Creeper* is always lazy ;
The *Plane* is neither up-hill nor down,
And *Tu-lips* drive us crazy.

Spruce is the Dandy, and (h) *Elm* guides the ships,
And *Poplar* 's the people's tree ;
The *Sycamore* needs a tonic, methinks —
Who knows the Northern tree ?

The *Ivy* is truly an emulous vine,
Scrub-Oak is always at work ;
Burning-Bush warmeth the mutton, when cold,
And the *Hazel* is brown as a Turk.

Lilac is the tree of the reddish blue tint,
And *Elder* we all are when old ;
Cork for our bottles, the *Smoke* for our fog,
And *Bone-set* will make a man scold !

The *Birch*, is the terrible schoolmaster tree,
 Dam-son, is the mother and child ;
The *Slippery Elm* is the treacherous tree,
 And the *Nettlewood* never is mild.

All wives, we are told like their *Will-ow* at times,
 And *Cit-ron* warns townsmen to flee ;
The *Sandals* we bind round our ankles at will,
 The whole tree, the *Holly* must be.

The *Clove* tree is split, and the *Cof-fee* it is
 We give to the doctors, when ill ;
The *Palm* tree we offer to friends when we meet,
 And the *As-pen* we use as a quill.

Everlasting's the shrub that never can die,
 The *Ash* must pass through the fire ;
The *Laurel*, both Latin and English have praised,
 And the *Locusts* in Egypt were dire.

The tree that is dear is the *Silver* or *Gold*,
 The *Woodbine* doth always entwine ;
The *Mace* belongs to the Billiards, good sir,
 And the Wine, is *Madeira Vine*.

BESSIE AND HER KITTEN.

Fie, fie, naughty kitty,
That cake was my own ;
And now only see,
The most of it's gone !

Nay, don't round your back up,
Nor rub up and down ;
I'm sure you're the naughtiest
Kitten in town !

Be still with your purring,
Nor look so demure ;
You're the thief, little pussy,
Of that I am sure !

Ay ! roll yourself up,
In a round little heap —
With your tail coiled around you,
Pretending to sleep !

There's a crumb right before you —
Ah, now you're awake !
You do not feel sleepy,
When smelling of cake ?

There's a portion for you,
And a portion for me,
I'll divide with you, kitty,
If you will agree.

All is gone ! every mouthful !
Now pick up the crumbs ;
And let us look tidy,
Before mother comes.

Come ! wipe off your whiskers,
And lie on my knee,
And see, little pussy,
How still you can be !

Now hush-a-by, kitty,
To sleep — go to sleep !
But you must be still —
What a stirring you keep !

Ah ! now you have scratched me,
A wicked old cat !
You shall go from the parlor —
So scat-away — scat !









